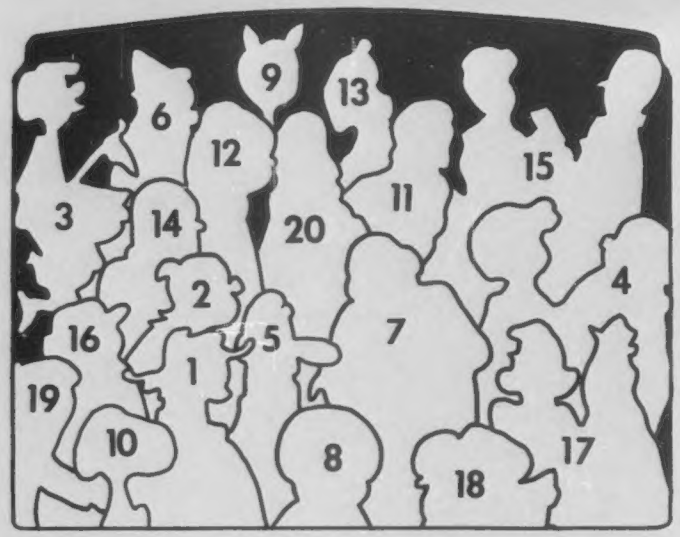
CARTOONIST PROfiles

L to R: Writer Don Wilder, Artist Bill Rechin, and at the bottom, Brant Parker, creator of the new comic strip 'Crock' for the Field Newspaper Syndicate. In this issue you will find the story of how these three are working together on this funny new feature.

No. 28, Dec. 1975 **$3**

Our Family Portrait



ILLUSTRATED FEATURES

COLLECTOR'S CORNER by Tom Bateson (1tw)
ALL ABOUT ANTIQUES by Anita Gold (1tw)
ROCKET SHOTS by Rod Laver (3tw)
NFL GAME PLAN (1tw)
TV STARSCREEN PUZZLE by Al Kilgore (1tw)
WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS by Mackenzie/MacNelly (3tw)
LITTLE PEOPLE'S PUZZLE by Leo White (7tw)

COMICS

1 BOOMER by Brown & Casson (dS)
2 COLONIAL CAPERS by Joe Escourido (d)
3 THE DROPOUTS by Howard Post (dS)
4 EB & FLO by Paul Sellers (dS)
5 DOCTOR SMOCK by George Lemont (dS)
6 FERD'NAND by Dahl Mikkelson (dS)
7 GORDO by Gus Arriola (dS)
8 NANCY by Ernie Bushmiller (dS)
9 NORBERT by George Fett (d)
10 PEANUTS by Charles M. Schulz (dS)
11 TARZAN by Edgar Rice Burroughs (dS)
12 EMMY LOU by Marty Links (dS)
13 GINGER by Orla Getterman (d)
14 HEALTH CAPSULES by M. Petti, M.D. & Jud Hurd (d)
15 LIFE'S LIKE THAT by Fred Neher (d)
PIXIES by Jack Wohl (d)
16 THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW by Whipple & Borth (dS)
17 THE BOSLEYS by John Stees (S)
18 CAPTAIN & THE KIDS by John Dirks (S)
19 FUNLAND by Art Nugent (S)
20 THE GOOD OLD DAYS-ANTIQUES FAIR by Erwin L. Hess (S)
TEE VEE LAFFS by Cliff Rogerson (d)
PAUSE...FOR A SMILE, (6tw)

EDITORIAL CARTOONS

GENE BASSET (6tw)
MIKE PETERS (4tw)
ANOTHER VIEW by Stees (6tw)
ART POINIER (6tw)

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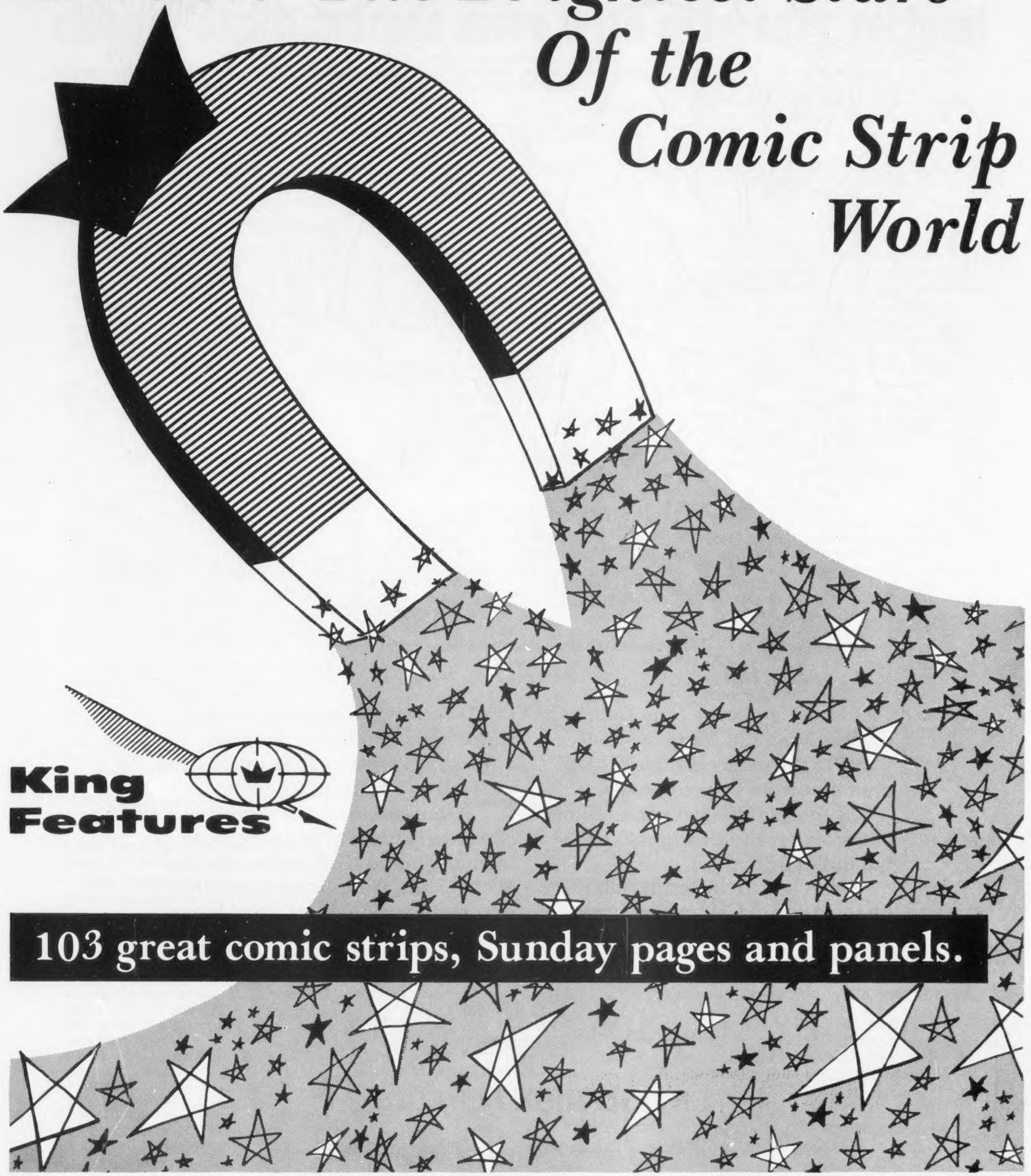

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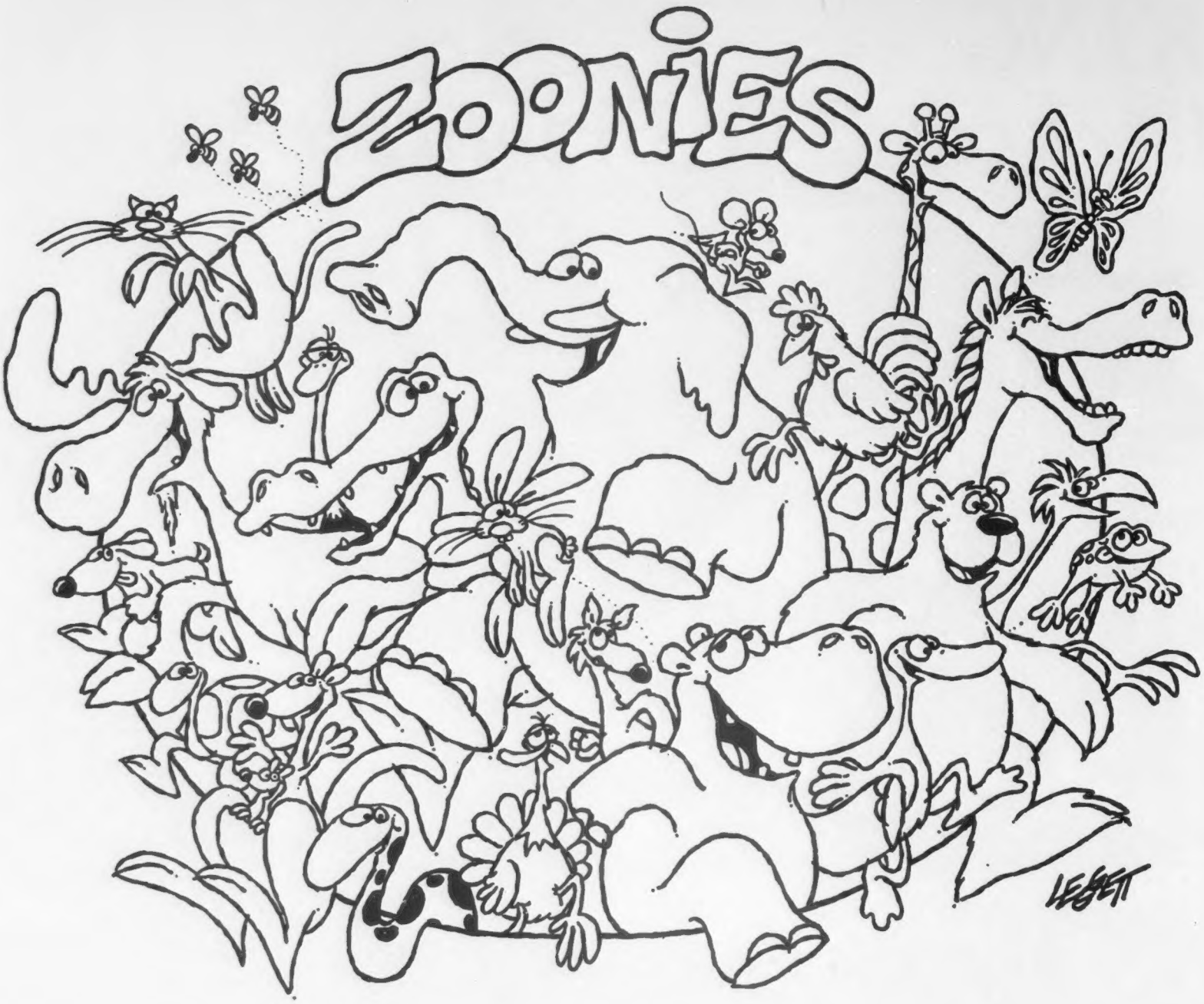

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For instance, you'll be astounded to find that the main ingredient of some of the finest personal care products (after-shave lotion, perfumes and various tonics) is nothing more than inexpensive *alcohol.* Many other products have *water* (yes, *water*) as the prime ingredient. Water and alcohol both cost far less than what manufacturers are forced to charge for fancy bottles, advertising, shipping, boxing and many other merchandising costs that are part and parcel of the items you buy regularly.

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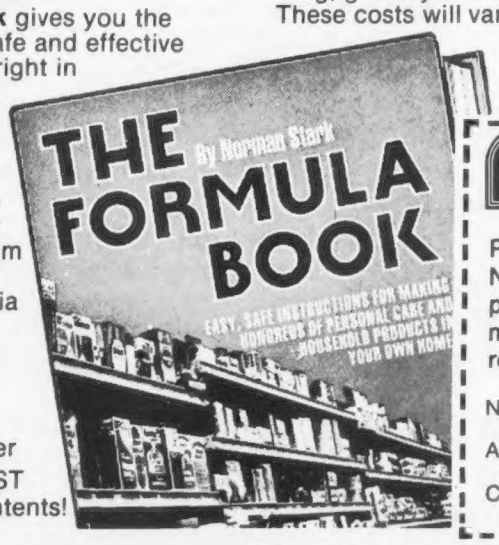
• antacid liquid • ant exterminator
• antiperspirant
• astringent lotion
• athlete's foot powder
. . . AND THAT'S JUST THE A's from the contents!



Look at savings you can make using The Formula Book*

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* These prices were from one Southwestern metropolitan area and may vary in different parts of the country.

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You will need some lemon extract (it doesn't do any good except to make the oil smell like lemon), mineral oil and a plastic spray bottle (available at supermarkets or hardware and variety stores).

Mix 10 drops of the lemon extract into 1 quart of mineral oil and transfer to bottle. Spray sparingly on furniture, and polish with a soft cloth.

The cost of making your own lemon oil furniture polish is approximately six cents per ounce. To determine your savings, divide the cost of your store-bought brand by the number of ounces it contains. Then compare the per ounce cost — you'll be surprised at how much you can save for so little effort.

Note: Material costs are based on the prices at retail outlets of national drug, grocery and hardware chains. These costs will vary, depending on the geographic area. If you wish to make up a larger quantity — and save even more — buy your materials at a chemical supply company (see the Yellow Pages).

Simple enough? You bet it is. And that's just one of the over 200 recipes found in this practical and money-saving book. With each and every recipe Mr. Stark offers a complete description of the materials you'll need, followed by simple instructions on how to assemble each product. He even suggests convenient sources of supply *in your community or by mail, if necessary.*

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You may never buy commercially made furniture polish, mouthwasn or other home use items again after using this book for just a few weeks.

About the Author

Norman Stark began his remarkable career in chemistry back in 1940 when he founded his own company for research, development and manufacturing in the chemical field. Among his first major efforts were the millions of fuel tablets used by GI's to heat field rations during World War II.

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by Cliff Wirth

"THAT SHOOTS THE OLD THEORY OF DESIRE CONQUERING ALL!"

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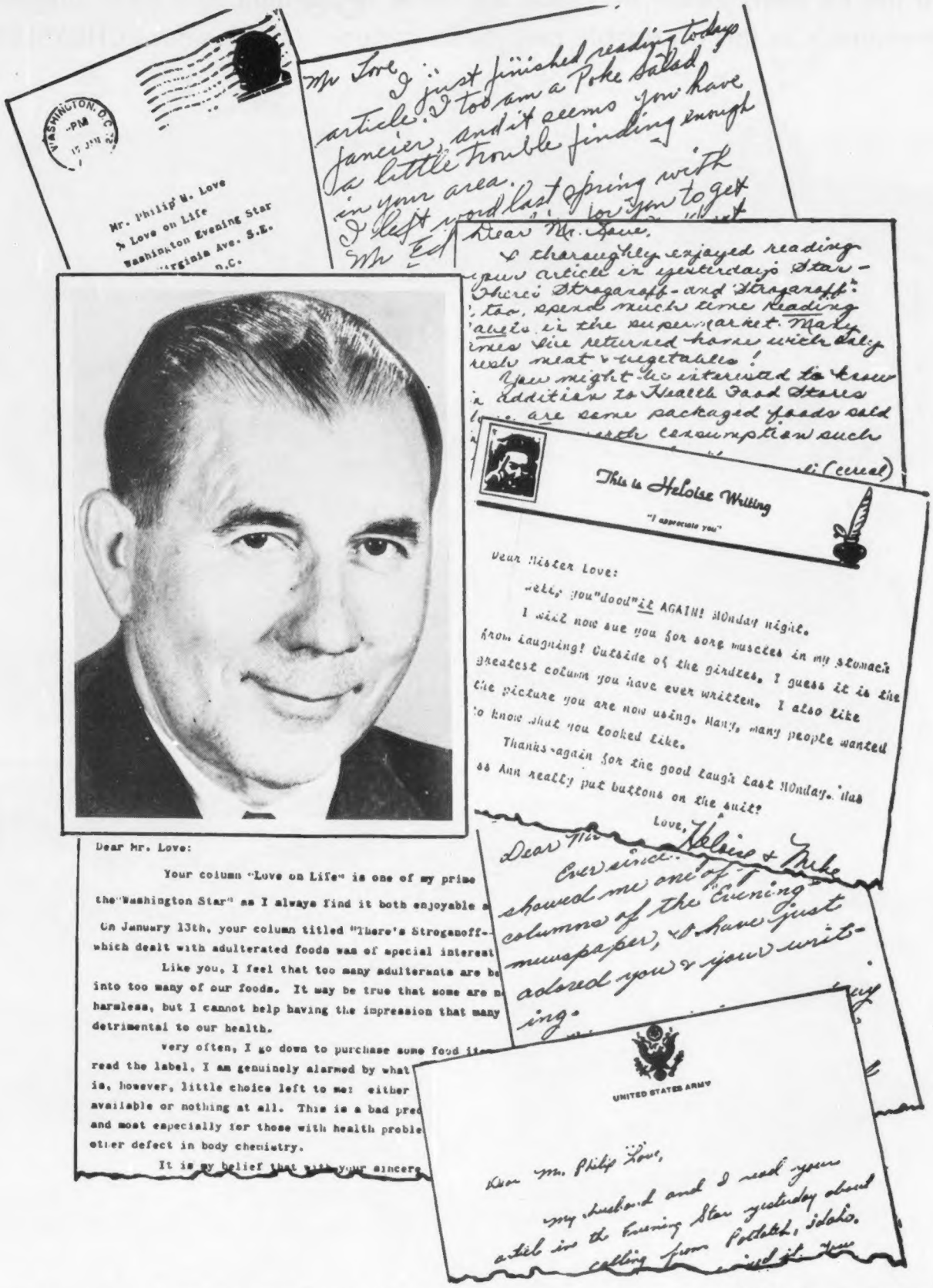
There are love letters . . . and Love's letters


Mr. Philip W. Love
Love on Life
Washington Evening Star
Dear Mr. Love:
Your column "Love on Life" is one of my prime
the "Washington Star" as I always find it both enjoyable a
On January 13th, your column titled "There's Stroganoff--
which dealt with adulterated foods was of special interest
Like you, I feel that too many adulterants are be
into too many of our foods. It may be true that some are n
harmless, but I cannot help having the impression that many
detrimental to our health.
very often, I go down to purchase some food ite
read the label, I am genuinely alarmed by what
is, however, little choice left to me: either
available or nothing at all. This is a bad pred
and most especially for those with health proble
other defect in body chemistry.
It is my belief that with your sincere
Dear Mr. Love,
& thoroughly enjoyed reading
your article in yesterday's Star -
there Stroganoff - and Stroganoff:
, too, spend much time reading
labels in the supermarket. Many
times she returned home with only
veal meat & vegetables!
You might be interested to know
In addition to Health Food Stores
here are some packaged foods sold
with consumption such
This is Heloise Writing
"I appreciate you"
Dear Mister Love:
Well, you "dood" it AGAIN! Monday night.
I will now sue you for sore muscles in my stomach
from laughing! Outside of the girdles, I guess it is the
greatest column you have ever written. I also like
the picture you are now using. Many, many people wanted
to know what you looked like.
Thanks again for the good laugh last Monday. Was
as Ann really put buttons on the suit?
Love,
Dear Mr.
Ever since
showed me one of
columns of the Evening
newspaper, I have just
adored you & your writ-
ing.
UNITED STATES ARMY
Dear Mr. Philip Love,
my husband and I read your
article in the Evening Star yesterday about
calling from Pocatello, Idaho.

. . . and Love's letters have come, over the last dozen years, from readers in such far-flung places as Rome, Italy, and Bangkok, Thailand . . . Montreal, Canada, and Kingston, Jamaica . . . Washington, D.C., and Tacoma, Washington . . . and what they all say, in one way or another, is that Phil Love's light touch is the right touch for these trying times.

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P.S. Yes, we're on the lookout for good ideas for other features geared to our times.

CARTOONISTS EVERYWHERE: That anxiously - awaited annual publishing event is here! CHRYSLER has just issued the 1976 edition of its ILLUSTRATOR'S KIT! Because of the suggestions you've made in previous years, this kit is the best ever! And it's available free-of-charge to any of our readers who will write to Frank Wylie and request one. And after you have looked the kit over, please do Frank the favor of sending him your suggestions for future improvements in this invaluable help to all cartoonists. We salute CHRYSLER for this effort!

Frank Wylie
Director-Public Relations
CHRYSLER CORPORATION
U.S. Automotive Sales
P.O. Box 1919
Detroit, Michigan 48231

A Funny Thing May Happen To You On Your Way To The Bookstore To Buy "Clods' Letters To MAD" ...

COMPILED BY
Jerry De Fuccio

ILLUSTRATED BY
Al Jaffee

DONG.

... an instant success when released September 15th, goes Sunday on January 18th, 1976 ...

DONG.
by David Gantz
WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABDOOL?
PLAYING A NEW GAME.
HOW DO YOU PLAY THIS NEW GAME OF YOURS?
WELL, FIRST YOU HIT THE ROCK WITH THIS CLUB...
...THEN, YOU RUN AFTER IT...
...AND HOPE IT FALLS INTO THAT HOLE I DUG!
PLOCK
HURRY, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
GURGLE
ANOTHER GUSHER- I LOSE!
WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS NEW GAME, ABDOOL?
GULF
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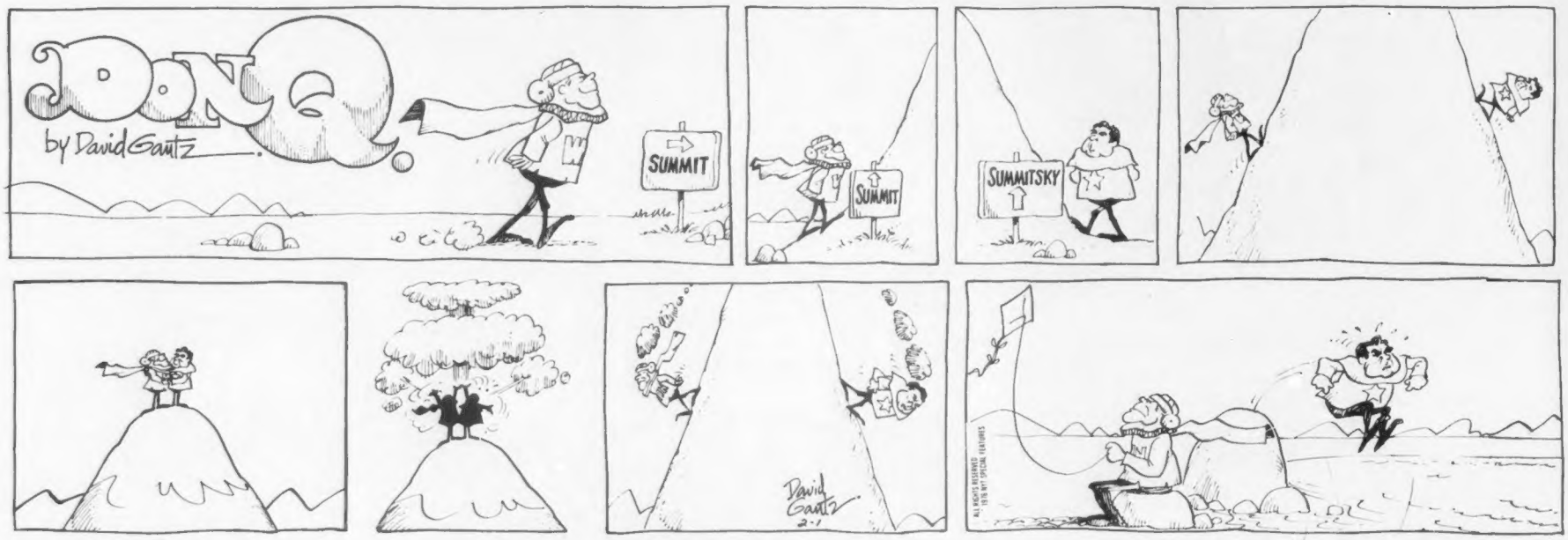

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

Editor: JUD HURD

Photos by Jim Ruth

No. 28, Dec. 1975

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We want to wish ourselves a Happy Birthday!

With this issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles we've completed 7 years of publication. In spite of inflation everywhere, our price is still the same, yet because of the use of slightly smaller type, there is 75% more material in today's issues than there was when we started in 1969. Charter subscribers were given a slight reduction during the first few months of our existence, but otherwise the yearly subscription price of $8 in the U.S. has remained as it was! Quite a record! And we're proud of it!

We appreciate the loyalty of our readers and the confidence which our advertisers have shown in CARTOONIST PROfiles over these years.

●

We also know that our readers will be happy about our reproducing, beginning with this issue, a new and different ROY CRANE SCRAPBOOK. The reception of the first one we printed, in a number of issues, was most enthusiastic.

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We want to welcome Keith Mackenzie, the Art Editor of the London, England, DAILY MAIL to the pages of CARTOONIST PROfiles. We had several very pleasant meetings with Keith during our recent visit to his city, and learned that he is enthusiastic about doing interviews with, and articles about, British cartoonists of note, whose stories will help us all to better know the complete cartooning picture world-wide.

●

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by Bill Rechin & Brant Parker

Vermin P. CROCK

Our friend, Richard Marschall, Comics Editor of the Field Newspaper Syndicate, writes here about the very funny new strip, CROCK, created by Brant (Wizard of Id) Parker. Artist Bill Rechin, and Writer Don Wilder are working with Brant on the feature.

By Richard Marschall

Gales of laughter. Absurd suggestions yelled across the room. Frenzied men plotting wild scenarios and layouts.

Don't let the atmosphere fool you; there is actually a delicate operation being conducted here. A comic strip is being created, to be carefully developed before presentation and devotedly nurtured after its introduction.

The new comic, "Crock," is simply one of the funniest strips in years. The unlikely locale is the middle of a parched desert and the cast is a wacky crew of legionnaires. The feature's success — as well as its high level of humor — is assured because one of the laughing voices inside the studio is its creator, Brant Parker, who is also co-producer of "The Wizard of Id."

Working with Parker on "Crock" are two other comic strip veterans, Bill Rechin, artist, and writer Don Wilder. Their idea sessions, held in Parker's studio in the Virginia suburbs near Washington, are almost comedy classics in themselves.

Usually Wilder works up 15 to 20 gag suggestions for the week. His index cards are passed around, read aloud and even acted out. Sometimes one of the men, presumably for inspiration, will don one of the hats scattered around the room — pith helmet, fez, legionnaire cap. Amidst the laughter is creative distillation: A gag suggestion, funny in itself, will be made funnier as the three develop a different delivery or turn of phrase. Sketches are quickly drawn and layouts decided upon.

Then, often, one gag will suggest another; sometimes a better punchline will emerge, sometimes the germ for a week of theme gags. The zany atmosphere has carried the three into sessions of pure creativity — sprawled on the couch or bounding across the room, one will shout a word *a propos* of nothing, and a gag is inspired and developed. Or one of the other creators will shout a totally unrelated word in answer. The two in juxtaposition may suggest a comic situation.

After it's all over there is a week's worth of comic strips and a lot of exhaustion, most of it from very hard laughter.

The characters are classic comedy creations. Vermin P. Crock is commandant of the fort and a man, say the creators, who could have taught Atilla how to Hun. "He's not especially greedy or tyrannical," according to Parker, "but he's the kind of guy who thinks a 200-mile march over a hot, stinking desert is a real treat."

"The troops," says Wilder, "are versatile soldiers — they can fight or go AWOL on a moment's notice. Figowitz is one of the lowly soldiers, a sad clown who gets dumped on just about every way but also has to bear daily 'Dear Fig' letters from his girl friend Probity. She always affirms her fidelity and then immediately details her latest fling back

Wilder, Parker, Rechin

GROCK

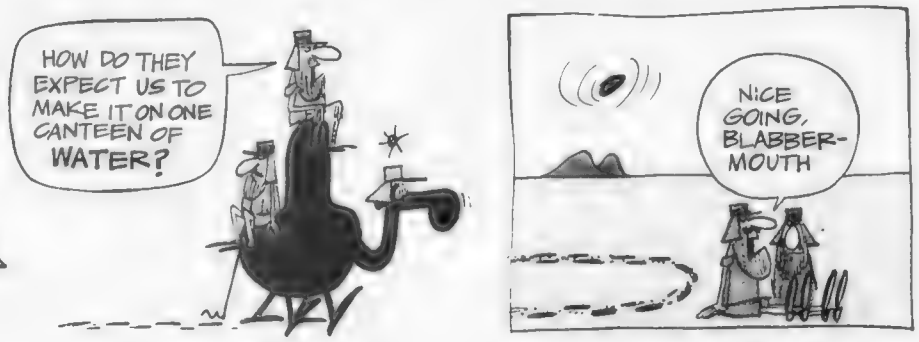
by Bill Rechin & Brant Parker

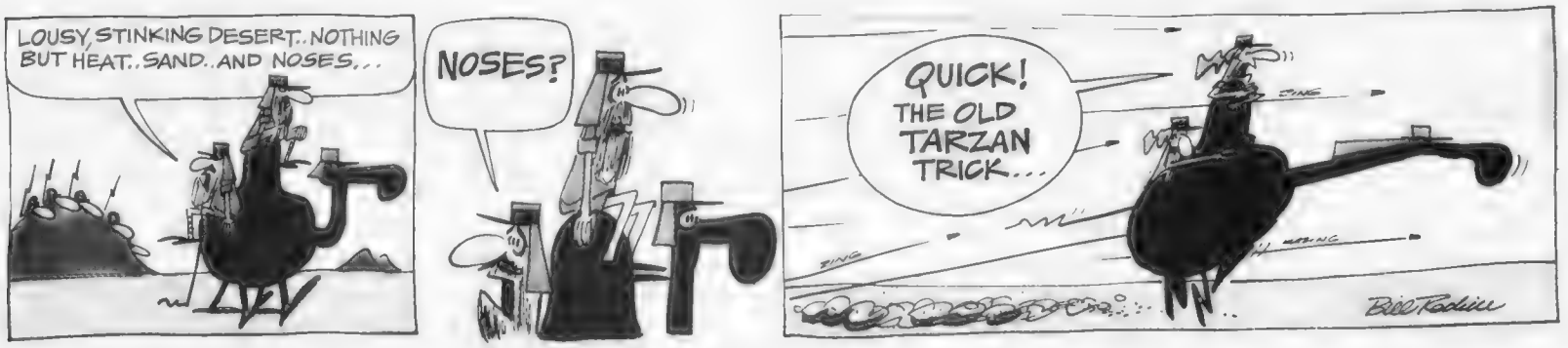
I CAUGHT 'EM OUTSIDE THE WALL..
I'LL TAKE OVER..
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
.. MY NAME IS KAMAR, I WAS ON MY WAY HOME WHEN I RAN INTO JABAR AND HE SAID.. 'LET'S GO OVER TO OMAR'S AND HAVE A SIDECAR'...
.. WE WERE SITTING THERE AT OMAR'S, WHEN IN CAME AZAR, HIJAR AND KASHMAR..

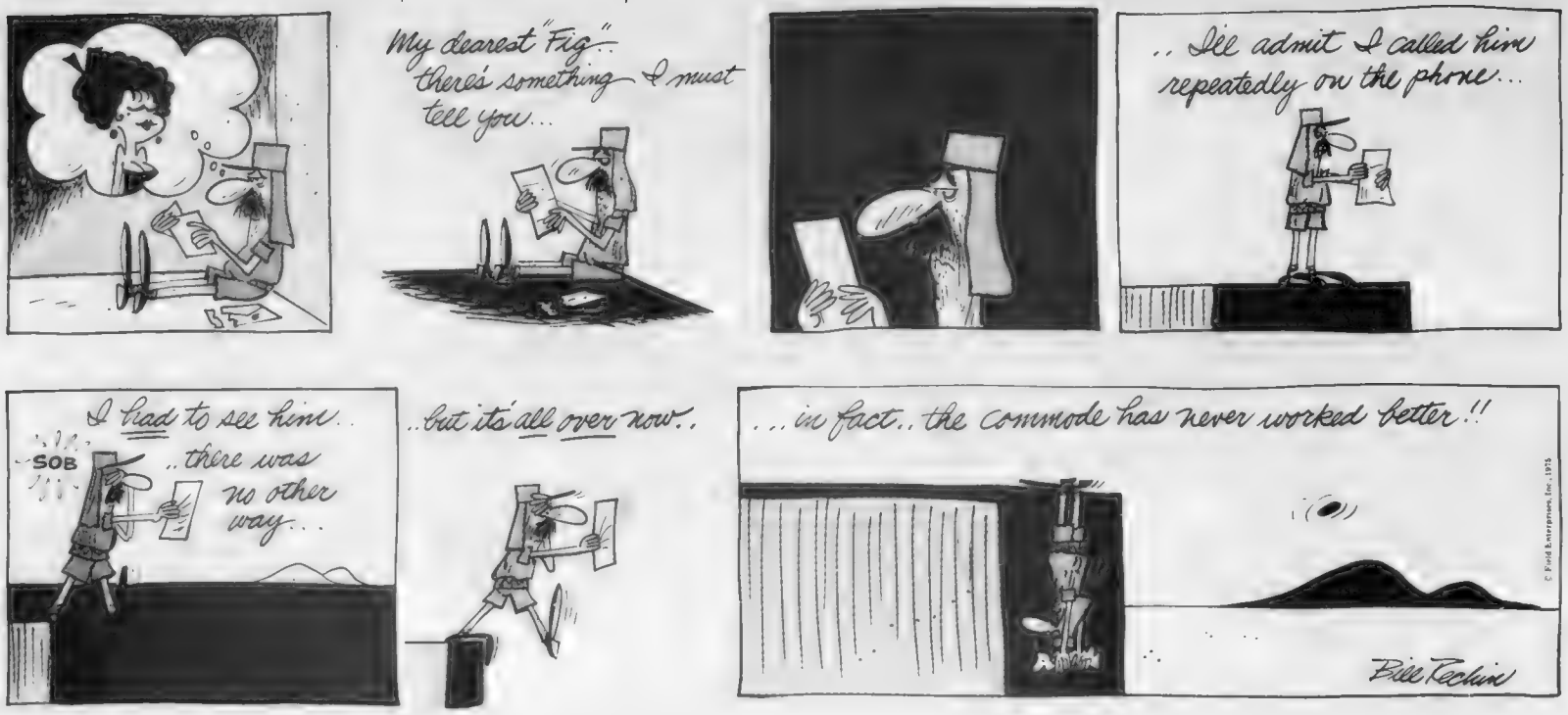
.. TO JOIN US IN SIDECARS AT OMAR'S.. WHO WAS OFF THAT DAY.. SO HIS BROTHER OTAR WAS SERVING THE SIDECARS...
.. TO JABAR, ADZAR AND..
HOLD IT!
.. I CAN'T STAND IT.. YOU QUESTION THE OTHER GUY.. I'VE HAD IT!
OKAY.. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
BILLY JOE..

GROCK

by Bill Rechin & Brant Parker






My dearest "Fig"... there's something I must tell you...
..I'll admit I called him repeatedly on the phone...
I had to see him.. ..there was no other way...
SOB
..but it's all over now..
...in fact.. the commode has never worked better!!
Bill Rechin

home."

Rechin describes Maggot. "He's a poor guy who lives his life in a rut — literally. He's always digging trenches, ditches and tunnels while reminiscing about the worse life he left to become a dashing legionnaire. His family kicked him out of the house when he was half a year old, and they've been dunning him for six months' rent ever since..."

Sergeant Tork is Crock's wrong-hand man, the guy to blame for the day-to-day operations of the fort. And outside, on the burning sands, is Pretty Boy Froyd. (If you can't place the fez, the name should be familiar.) He's the leader of the bungling desert marauders who are constantly at war with the legionnaires over whatever it is they started fighting about sometime or other.

"Quench," adds Parker, "is our thirsty camel, bloated as a waterbed, but never missing the opportunity to drop in at the local oasis for a quick one. He's a ship of the desert blown a little off course.

"There will be others, too. Strauss, local archaeologist and general twirp; a host of flying carpet salesmen and nomads; and a man-hungry girl who constantly tries to break her way INTO the fort, disguised, for instance, as a sack of potatoes..."

"Which would be an easy disguise for her," notes Wilder.

The three describe the humor of "Crock" as the humor of pathos, with strong doses of satire and sarcasm thrown in. "These guys have it so bad off," says Rechin, "that ANY small breakthrough seems special."

Brant Parker, the guiding light behind "Crock," brings a wealth of experience to the task, in addition to his dozen years on "The Wizard of Id." He began as an animator with Walt Disney, receiving important training in the storyboard department, and later joined the staff of a newspaper in his wife's hometown of Binghamton, N.Y. There he discovered the work of a local highschooler named Johnny Hart and encouraged him to continue cartooning. After his eventual success with the "BC" comic strip, Hart contacted his mentor about a new strip concept — which became "The Wizard of Id."

Now, Parker himself has sought to develop a new creation of his own. Speaking about the concept of "Crock," he says, "This has kind of stuck in my craw for a long time; for years I had visions of these funny Frenchmen zapping around in the desert. But with my other work I never had time to work it up..."

He finally got rolling with the help of two friends, Rechin and Wilder. Rechin is a prolific artist with experience in almost all branches of cartooning — animation, graphics, filmstrips and his own comic strip, which was a long-running revolutionary-era feature long before Bicentennial fever. He lives with his wife and seven children in the Virginia suburbs where his partners also live and work.

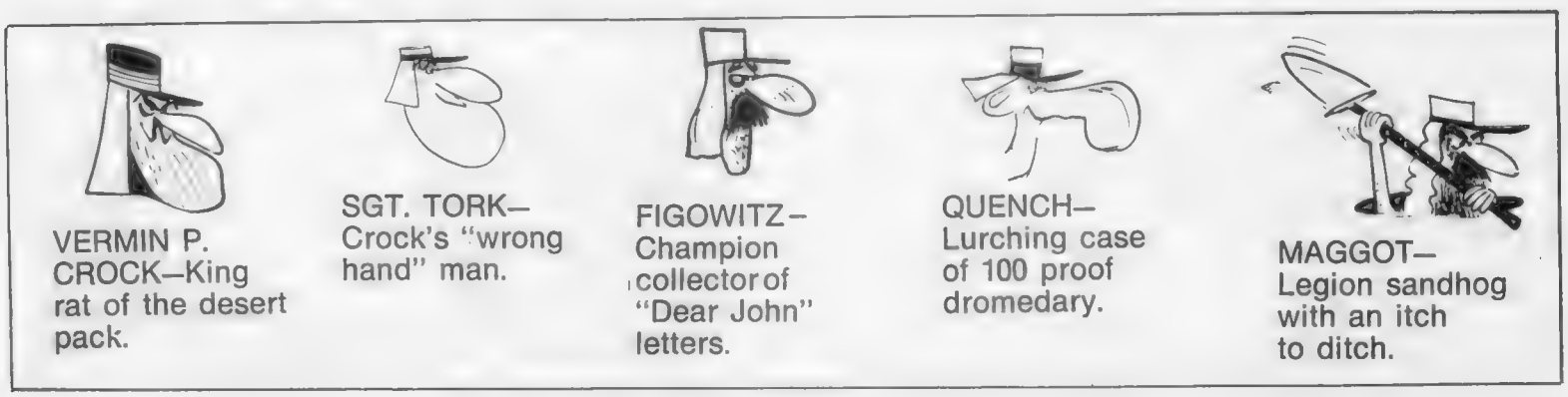
Don Wilder, writer of "Crock," also produced a comic strip of his own after years of drawing panel cartoons for the nation's leading magazines. He has a wife and two sons.

The friendship among the three men — and their zany conferences — combine for a feature that is unique and very, very funny.

"One of our secret weapons," confides Parker, "is the thesaurus. A basically funny situation can be transformed into a hilarious gag with a different word — whether it's out of the book or a 'zinger' slang word. Our watchword is 'Keep It Funny'."

"And 'Make It Work,'" adds Wilder. "We have a funny premise and funny characters and usually a load of funny gags. But we can never be satisfied with the first, second or third version. The right gag must be matched with the right character, the wording must be perfect, the delivery precise."

Parker, Rechin and Wilder are true craftsmen immersed in the creation of a special piece of work: "Crock." And their efforts bear the fruit of a new laugh every day of the year — for readers as well as the three creators in that crazy studio.

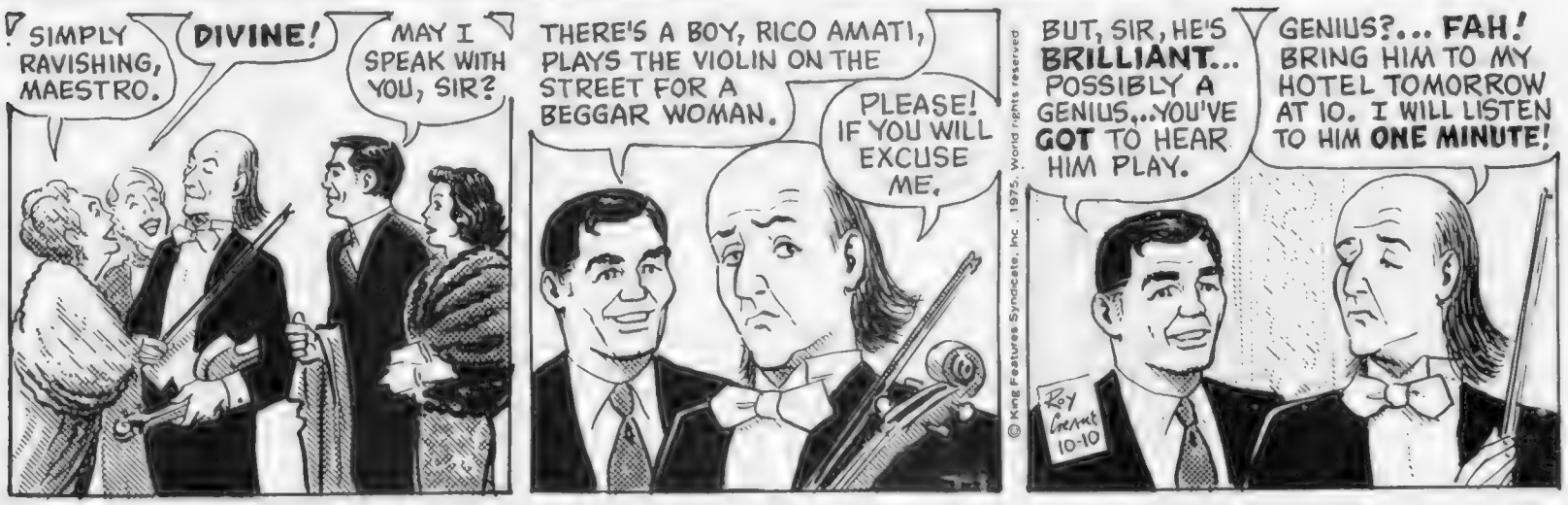

VERMIN P. CROCK—King rat of the desert pack.
SGT. TORK—Crock's "wrong hand" man.
FIGOWITZ—Champion collector of "Dear John" letters.
QUENCH—Lurching case of 100 proof dromedary.
MAGGOT—Legion sandhog with an itch to ditch.

Roy Crane SCRAPBOOK !!

In various issues of our magazine, during the past few years, we have featured a number of pages from the scrapbook, 'How To Draw Buz Sawyer', put together by that perennial 'Cartoonist's Cartoonist', ROY CRANE, the famed creator of WASH TUBBS for the Newspaper Enterprise Association, and for the past 30 years the man behind the King Features comic strip BUZ SAWYER. Readers have constantly asked for more of the same, so we're delighted to announce that beginning with this issue, we will be featuring pages from an entirely new Crane scrapbook in which he gives us his thoughts on a great many important aspects of cartooning. Roy has lettered in his own comments pertaining to the many photos and drawings he has clipped from a number of sources to illustrate various important points. We appreciate Roy's generosity in letting our readers share all of this valuable information.

Self-Caricature by Roy Crane

Buz Sawyer ® **By Roy Crane**


SIMPLY RAVISHING, MAESTRO.
DIVINE!
MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU, SIR?
THERE'S A BOY, RICO AMATI, PLAYS THE VIOLIN ON THE STREET FOR A BEGGAR WOMAN.
PLEASE! IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME.
BUT, SIR, HE'S BRILLIANT... POSSIBLY A GENIUS...YOU'VE GOT TO HEAR HIM PLAY.
GENIUS?... FAH! BRING HIM TO MY HOTEL TOMORROW AT 10. I WILL LISTEN TO HIM ONE MINUTE!
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Roy Crane 10-10

Why we caricature

TO SIMPLIFY, TO BRING OUT HUMOR, TO MAKE PEOPLE SEEM MORE REAL

TO MAKE BLINDINGLY CLEAR THEIR REACTIONS

TO REVEAL ONE'S INNERMOST FEELINGS.

TO CAPTURE ACTION AT ITS SIMPLEST AND, BY DOING SO, ELEMINATE NON-ESSENTIAL DETAILS AND MAKE THE DRAWING SEEM MORE VIBRANTLY ALIVE AND REAL THAN IT ACTUALLY IS.

"I been telling my wife all about you, and she said, 'Al, why don't you ask him home for dinner?' It's crazy, I know, but . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

TO REVEAL CHARACTER IN A CLEAR AND UNMISTAKABLE MANNER.

FINALLY, BECAUSE CARICATURE IS THE FINEST ART IN A CARTOONIST'S INKBOTTLE.

How far should we go with CARICATURE?

THIS IS ART

Happy Hooligan's relatives. By

THIS ISN'T, NOR DOES IT STRIKE ME AS BEING HUMOROUS.

AS I SEE IT, WE SHOULD USE OUR INGENUITY AND IMAGINATION TO CARICATURE PEOPLE SO THEY WILL SEEM AS UNDERSTANDABLE AND HUMAN AS KLEY'S CATTLE.

AND WE SHOULD TRY TO DO IT WITH THE EASY SWING, WARMTH AND GOOD TASTE OF GALBRAITH, IF POSSIBLE.

HOW FAR TO GO IS DICTATED BY THE COPY, THE READER'S REACTION AND BY ONE'S OWN GOOD TASTE.

A STORY'S ABOUT People

AND PEOPLE ARE INTERESTING BECAUSE OF THEIR ACTIONS AND REACTIONS (EVOLVING OUT OF CHARACTER) TO VARIOUS SITUATIONS.

IT'S NOT ENOUGH MERELY TO DRAW PEOPLE WHO ARE DIFFERENT. THEY SHOULD "BELONG" TO THE STORY.

THE AUTHOR AND ARTIST WILL NOT REACH THEIR POTENTIAL UNLESS BOTH HAVE IN MIND THE SAME FEELING, THE SAME CHARACTERS.

IS HE TO BE MILD OR FIERCELY AGGRESSIVE?

THE JOLLY TYPE?

IF HE'S TOUGH, HOW TOUGH?

IS HE A DILETTANTE?

A POET, AN IDEALIST?

ONE OF LUSTY APPETITES?

BEFORE PUTTING A MAIN OR SECONDARY CHARACTER ON PAPER BOTH **YOU** AND THE **AUTHORS** SHOULD KNOW THESE THINGS ABOUT HIM:

1. WHAT IS HIS DOMINANT CHARACTER TRAIT?
2. WHAT IS HIS PURPOSE IN THE STORY?
3. WHAT IS TO BE HIS INTENDED IMPACT UPON THE READER?
4. IS THERE A WAY TO MAKE HIM MORE INTERESTING, OR AMUSING?

Characters

ONLY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW AND WHY A PERSON TICKS CAN YOUR IMAGINATION GO TO WORK AND GIVE THE ILLUSION THAT HE'S A REAL, LIVE HUMAN BEING.

HE SHOULD BE NEITHER A PAPER-DOLL NOR A SIDESHOW FREAK. HE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE REALISTIC BUT HE SHOULD SEEM REAL AND HAVE VERY HUMAN TRAITS AND ACTIONS.

EVEN THIS PORTRAIT IS A CARICATURE

MOST OF US PUT UP A FRONT. OUR REAL CHARACTER IS HIDDEN.

ONLY OCCASSIONALLY ARE PEOPLE NATURAL

BERTRAND RUSSELL

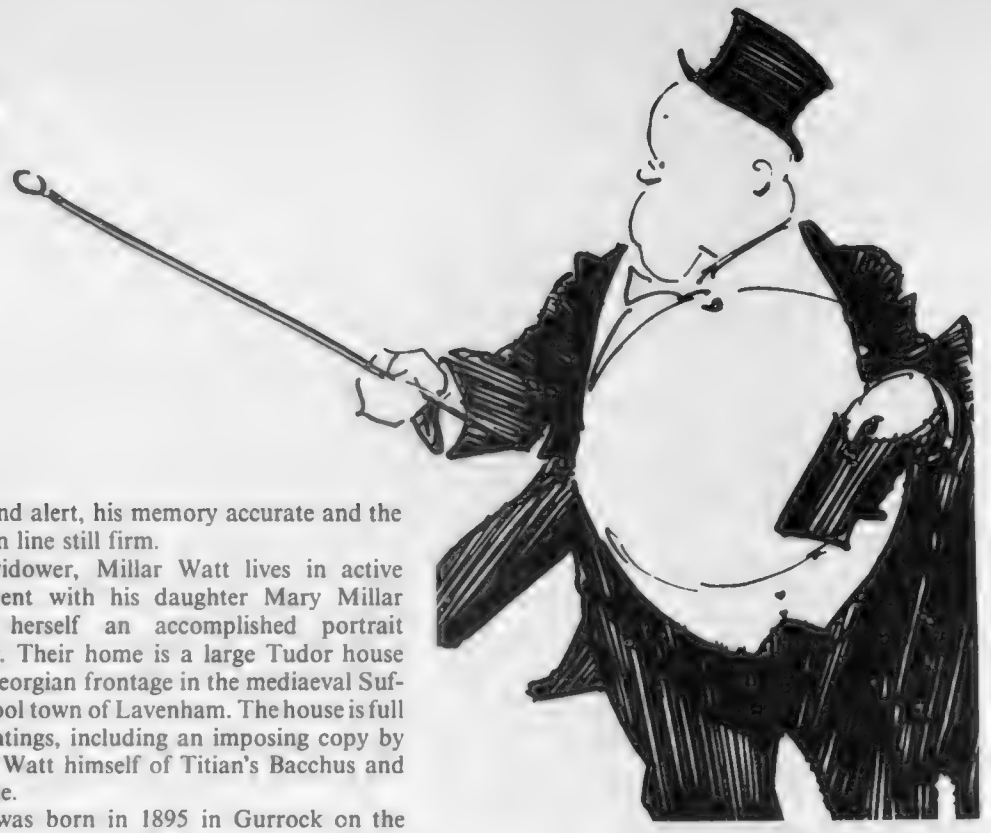
SOME ARE KINDLY, RELAXED.

SOME ARE BOORISH, TENSE. ALL SHOULD HAVE DIFFERENT AND INDIVIDUAL TRAITS.

SOME ARE LETHARGIC, OTHERS ENERGETIC. NOTE HOW THE FACES OF THESE CLERGYMEN, AND ESPECIALLY THEIR BODIES, SEEM TO REVEAL WHAT EACH IS LIKE.

A PERSON'S ACTIONS AND EXPRESSION CAN REVEAL MORE THAN HIS WORDS. THIS MAN'S MIND IS MADE UP OVER WHETHER THE BIBLE SHOULD BE TAUGHT IN A PUBLIC SCHOOL. HIS MANNER INDICATES THAT HIS MIND WON'T CHANGE.

POP



KEITH MACKENZIE, the Art Editor of 'Associated Newspapers Group Limited', publishers of the 1,738,332 circulation London/England Daily Mail, has written this very informative piece about J. Millar Watt and his famous comic strip, POP. We remember with very pleasant nostalgia this strip which was distributed in the U.S. in the 30's by The Bell Syndicate. It was one of the few strips produced outside of the U.S. to be syndicated successfully in this country. However, information on the strip's creator has been scarce until now and we're very pleased to share Keith Mackenzie's interesting story with our readers. He has done an interview with Alex Graham, who draws the 'Fred Basset' strip which is distributed in the U.S. by the Field Newspaper Syndicate and we will feature that conversation in a future issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles.

by KEITH MACKENZIE

A little more than fifty years ago a famous British strip cartoon was born. 'POP', the rotund, bald be-spatted figure sporting top hat, cravat and umbrella made his bow in the Daily Sketch on the 21st May, 1921. His creator, John Millar Watt, at the age of 80 is a tall aristocratic figure with aquiline nose. He stoops slightly but his pale blue eyes are twinkling and alert, his memory accurate and the fine pen line still firm.

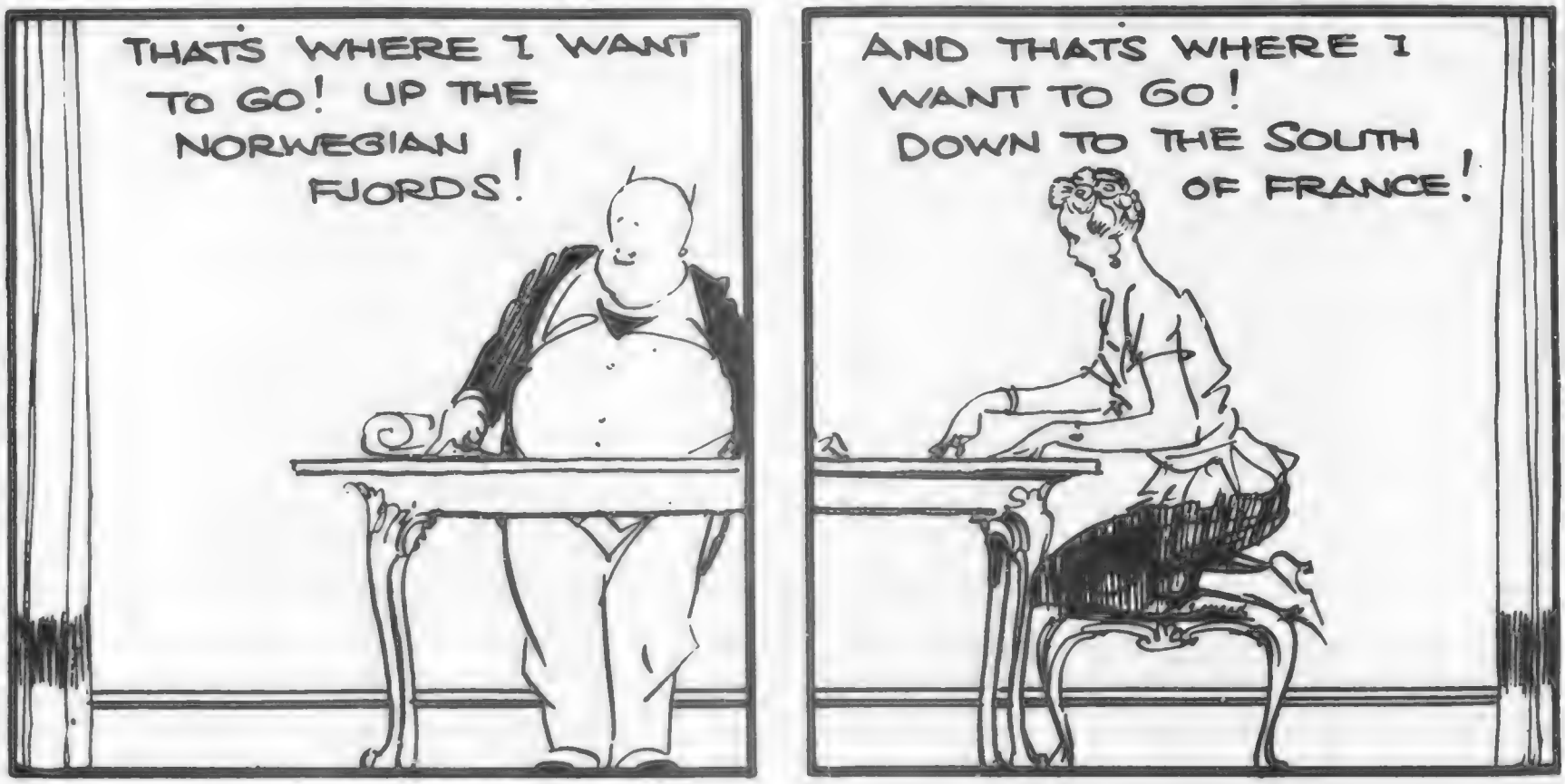
A widower, Millar Watt lives in active retirement with his daughter Mary Millar Watt, herself an accomplished portrait painter. Their home is a large Tudor house with Georgian frontage in the mediaeval Suffolk wool town of Lavenham. The house is full of paintings, including an imposing copy by Millar Watt himself of Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne.

He was born in 1895 in Gurrock on the Clyde in Scotland. His father, Jimmy Watt, was well-known as a chief engineer on the P & O passenger boats (Dame Clara Butt, the singer, used to wait for his ship 'Moldavia' when she went to Australia). John had two brothers and a sister who was both artistic and musical. When the family moved south to be nearer the Docks at Tilbury, Millar Watt went to the county school in Ilford. Average-to-good in school, he, like so many other artists before and since, always drew in the margins of his school books. Did he always want to be a cartoonist? "We did not know what a cartoonist was. I don't think they did, did they? It was a pioneering thing."

At 18 he went to Art School — the Sir John Cass Institute and under Harold Stabler, learned metalwork and jewel ry. He didn't like jewel ry and so went over to study anatomy and the antique.

Soon he felt the lure of Fleet Street and commercial art. He was offered a job in Australia on the Melbourne 'Argus' at seven dollars per week — which he did not accept. Instead he joined the advertising agency of Mather and Crowther as an apprentice in the Art Department at 30 cents — rising to 60 cents — per week. He did everything — figure work, lettering, looking after the files, learning

POP : : JOURNEY UNNECESSARY



John Millar Watt photographed at his home at Lavenham.

the advertising business. Tom Purvis, a well-known figure artist and poster designer was the principal artist in the agency. When Purvis left, Millar Watt took over his job. This meant that he had a room to himself but unfortunately he was still paid as an apprentice until War broke out.

He joined up in 1915 in the Artists Rifles and was commissioned early in 1916 in the Essex Regiment "There was not a man in my platoon under 6'2" — I was 6'4". We were at Dedville Wood, Beaumont Hamel, the Somme and in the line the whole time until December 1916". He was gassed on Vimy Ridge, Arras. "They were the first gas shells that were sent over and we thought that they were duds, but they weren't." They were then ordered back, much to their disgust, to France where they were Corps H.Q. and went into the Highland Brigade (51st Division). Here Millar Watt met young Bairnsfather, brother of the famous cartoonist, Bruce Bairnsfather, creator of 'Old Bill'. He was General Hakin's Aide de Compte and from him Millar Watt heard the story of how Hakin had sent a nearby Portuguese Commander a crate of carrier pigeons for S.O.S. purposes. Shortly afterwards he received a letter from the Portuguese Commander thanking him and saying that he had enjoyed them very much.

Millar Watt was demobbed with the 11th Corps in 1919. Throughout the War he had done many landscapes and cartoons of officers in the Mess in France and had always carried in his pack his watercolours and a 'Bijou' box of colours.

After the War he went to the Slade School and while he was studying there he drew some sports cartoons for the Daily Chronicle. About this time 'Eve', the woman's weekly paper, held a competition for a cover design. Millar Watt did not get the prize, but on the strength of it, Percy Home, of the Sphere asked him to do a Christmas number for them in colour (1920).

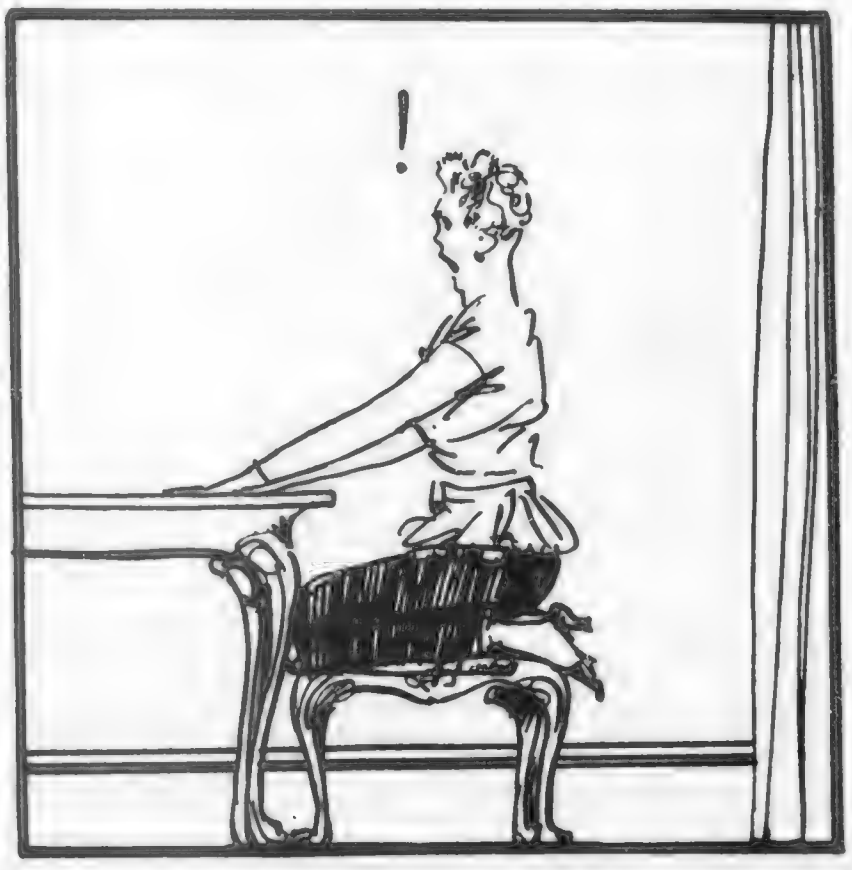
Later he was commissioned by the Sphere to do a double page spread in colour of Princess Maude's Silver Wedding Anniversary.

Upon his arrival, Millar Watt took just one glance at his allotted position and saw that to draw from there would be impossible. He found himself walking behind King George V, the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal family to the choir stalls behind a rood screen. He had a first class view of the proceedings. "there was the whole of the Royal Family sitting in the choir — King George, his blue eyes twinkling, could see that I was drawing the whole thing. The Princess and her husband knelt down in the centre just where I wanted them and the Bishop stood in the middle with his crook. I got the most marvellous drawing. I did the architectural detail after the Jubilee and it got a full page in the Sphere that week, but it stopped me ever doing anything like that again. I think I did Bonar Law's funeral, this time from up in the organ loft, but that was the last."

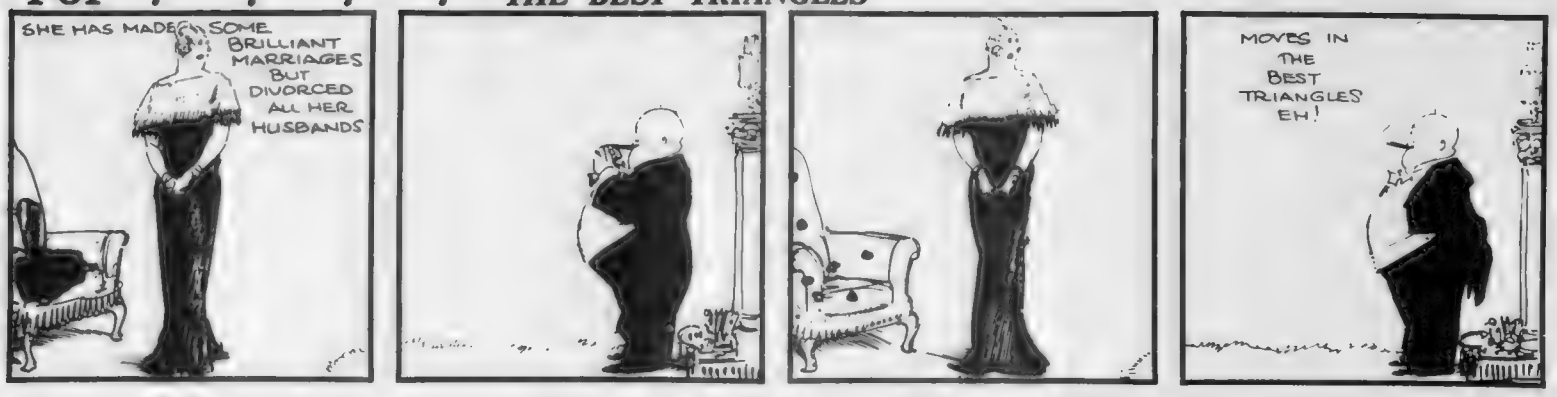
An advertisement appeared in the Times to the effect that a black & white artist was wanted on the Daily Sketch. "I went to see them and they said 'We want someone who'll do something like the Hazelden cartoon (W.K. Hazelden was a well-known black & white artist of his day in the Daily Mirror). I said I could not do a Hazelden cartoon, but I will think of an idea for you."

Millar Watt went away and covered a large Imperial sheet of card with figures. On the one in the centre he pencilled a red line round. It was the first rough draft of 'POP'. "I had always wanted a little theatre of my own." The Sketch asked for three a week. Millar Watt was paid seven dollars each or 21 dollars per week. He took a Studio in Fleet Street near the Cock Tavern.

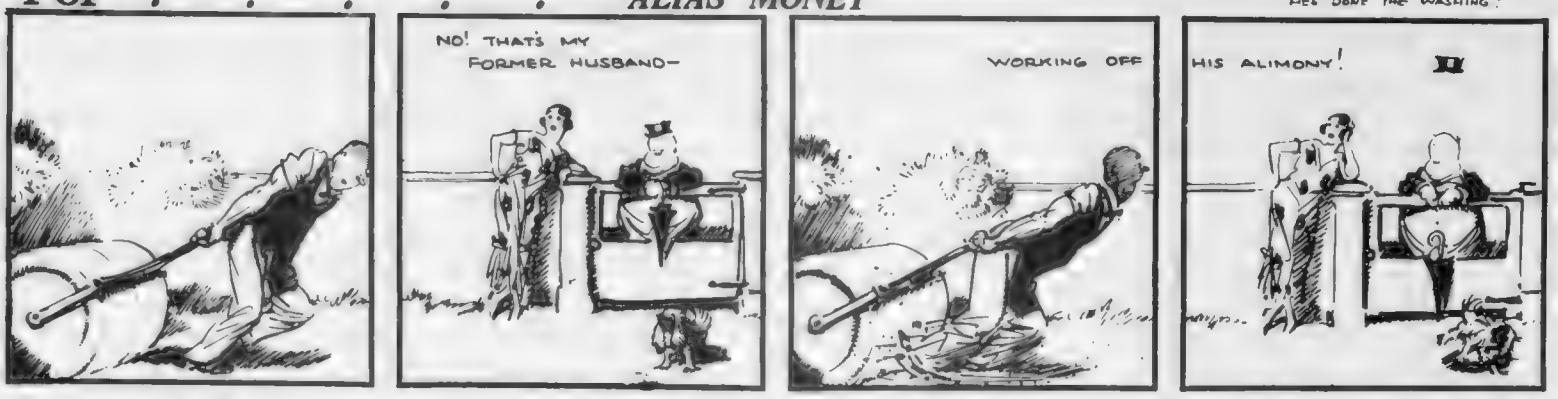
'POP' gradually evolved. First his glasses went, then the moustache, eventually the mouth also disappeared except when he was emitting a cry or shout. All that was left was a figure-eight head with tiny eyes and button nose and two wisps of hair standing up vertically from his head. The Colonel, a tall tail-coated figure with white moustache who was 'POP's' "straight" man had not yet been thought of nor had 'Ma', daughter 'Phoebe' or



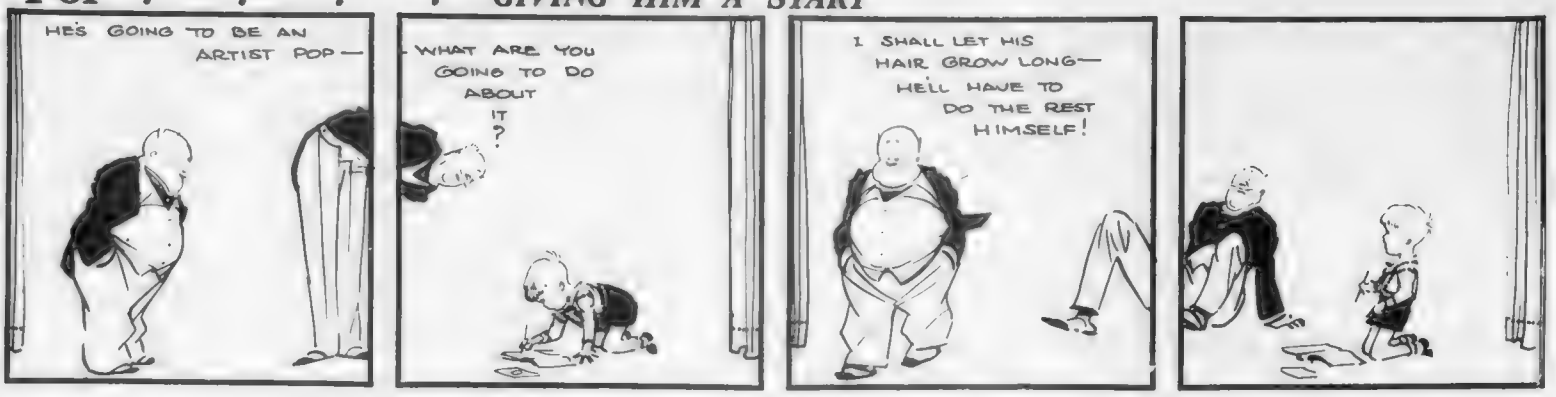
POP : : : : *THE BEST TRIANGLES*



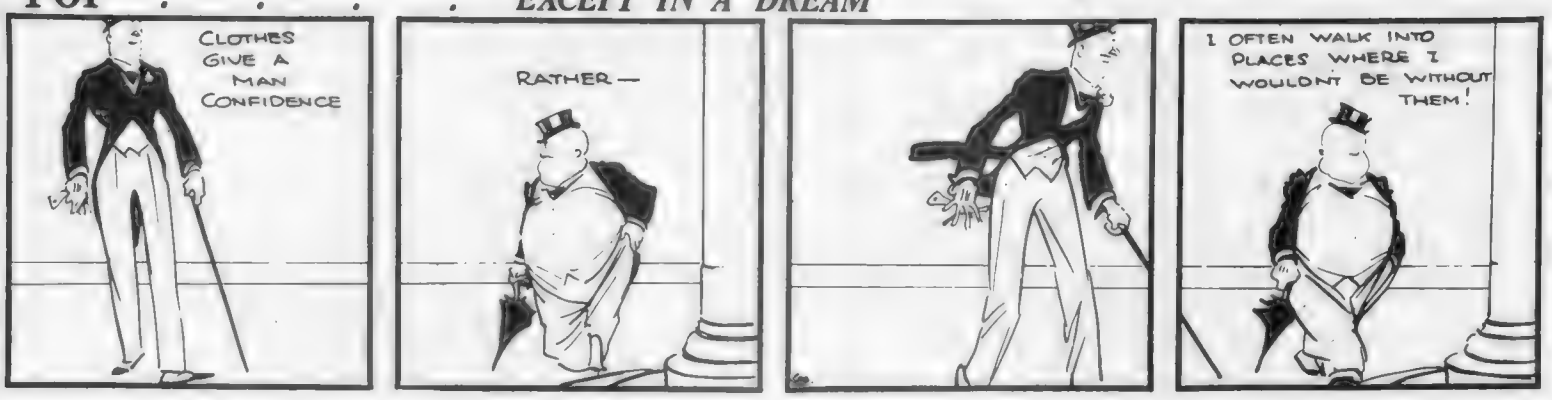
POP : : : : : *ALIAS MONEY*



POP : : : : *GIVING HIM A START*



POP : : : : *EXCEPT IN A DREAM*



Fir Tree House, Lavenham, Suffolk, England — the home of John Millar Watt.

the little girl 'Maureen' based on the daughter of his friend Rixon, who shared Millar Watt's Fleet Street studio.

At this time, the Daily Mirror came out with a children's supplement on Saturdays. The Sketch retaliated with their children's supplement every Saturday and Millar Watt found himself doing 90% of the drawings. They used every idea they could think of, from comic pelicans, comic strips, 'Frolicky Phil the Sailor', to cut-out coronation coaches. The Editor asked if he could do 'POP' six days a week.

He always thought up his own jokes and used to jot them down on 'State Express' cigarette packets. Very often could not read what he had written down.

One day Millar Watt said to Lane, the Editor "I never hear any comments on 'POP' or what you think — you tell me nothing." Lane said that Sir Edward Hulton came in every morning and went through the paper with his finger, running through it page by page and saying "Don't want any more of that..." he goes right through the book and he has never said that about yours yet. Sir Edward Hulton was later to say that he would have 'POP' on every page if he could get it.

Millar Watt had by now married a fellow artist, Amy Maulby Biggs from Plymouth, a talented painter who exhibited for 14 years in the Royal Academy. He had built himself a house on a hill in Dedham, Suffolk near his friend Alfred Munnings, the equestrian and landscape painter, who later became President of the Royal Academy.

'POP' was tremendously successful and was getting envious reaction from its rivals. Millar Watt recalls "One night about 11 o'clock, I saw the headlights of a big car coming up our drive and I said 'That's old Colonel McGowen out on his prowling' and refused to open the door. My wife went down and came back and said, 'It is a man from the Daily Mirror — he's waving an agreement in his hand.' The proprietor of the Daily Mirror had said 'Take the Rolls Royce and go and get 'POP'. ' The only thing the reporter could find was a story in the Daily Sketch that 'POP' was still working in 'Constable country.' He looked it up and saw that Constable was born at East Bergholt. He arrived at East Bergholt and by coincidence ran into the builder who had worked on Millar Watt's studio in Dedham, who directed him there. The man from the Mirror said 'We will offer you double what you are getting.' I said I cannot answer this right away. I will come and see you tomorrow in London."

For the first time on the train the next morning he read his agreement with the Daily Sketch carefully, and read that '...this agreement will be for five years and will remain in force *therein* subject to the right of either party to determine it by giving the other party six months notice.' The printers had made an error and 'therein' should have been 'thereafter'. It enabled Millar Watt to give them notice, which he did to their great surprise.

The Daily Mirror offered him a large sum of money to stop working for the Daily Sketch, whether he drew for them or not. In the event, he told Sir Edward Hulton that he had no intention of leaving them and settled for a new contract which would pay him a handsome salary. This included children's 'POP' for the Sunday Graphic and special cartoons, annuals, covers and 'bits and pieces.'

'POP' was syndicated all over the world and Daily Sketch annuals were printed every year at ten cents a copy. For these Millar Watt had all the year's strips sent down to Dedham. He laid them out on the studio floor leaving a path up the middle. Then he walked along picking out 100 from both sides and these went into the Annual, together with a specially designed cover and various thumbnail sketches for the flyleaf.

Millar Watt had hardly ever been able to take time off from the daily toil of drawing 'POP' for 25 years and only remembers one 'proper' holiday, when he took a cruise to Martinique with his wife. He re-calls a sub-editor called G.K. Boyle, who used to have charge of getting his strip into the paper. On one occasion when the stockpile was getting low, Millar Watt received a pointedly brief telegram at his home in St. Ives 'S.O.S. P.O.P. R.S.V.P. G.K.B.'

The Millar Watts, who by now had two children, Mary and George, moved from

Dedham down to St. Ives, and later to Windsor to a Georgian house, to be nearer London. In Windsor they had two maids whose father was a Ranger in Windsor Forest attached to the Court. From him they learnt a secret from Windsor Castle: — King George was a 'POP' fan and the Daily Sketch was the only paper he would have on the breakfast table.

Offence taken by readers who believe themselves named in a drawing or story is a well-known risk in all forms of publishing. Millar Watt recalls picking a name at random from the dictionary (Dight) and putting it in a strip, where 'POP' is studying the paper. The caption read "I see Miss Dight has been married to a well-known collector of antiques." To everyone's horror the following day a phone call revealed that there was in fact a well-known mahogany furniture importer in Oxford Street who was engaged to be married to a Miss Dight. Coincidence fortunately was upheld and honour satisfied to the relief of the Editor and everyone else on the paper.

Millar Watt wanted to finish drawing 'POP' at the beginning of the Second World War, and do War work designing in an aircraft factory. A tribunal however sat to consider matters and came to the conclusion that 'POP' was a national asset and a boost to morale. Millar Watt went back to the drawing board and 'POP' went into the Home Guard in a tin hat.

After the War, Millar Watt was able to stop drawing 'POP' although the Sketch was still reluctant to lose such a popular character. Millar Watt accepted a lump sum from Lord Kemsley and an artist, Gordon Hog 'GOG', was found to continue the drawings. With 'POP' in the hands of Gordon Hogg, Millar Watt was able to turn his talents to other projects. For the first time in 25 years he was able to paint and draw at leisure. Commissions for magazine and advertising flowed in. 'Everybodys' commissioned several series of historical illustrations, mostly printed in black and red. Through the agency of Priestley Giles, he designed a 'Pop-like' figure with a wooden leg for the beer campaign "More Hops in Ben Truman."

What are the qualities which made 'POP' a great strip? Millar Watt's pen drawing, although meticulous, was always delightfully fresh and had a throw-away lightness. The lettering, never in 'balloons', was carefully designed to fit in with the free spaces in the drawing. Millar Watt eventually devised a system to print the series of four 'frames' on to his drawing card; on to which he would draw each day's episode. In this the drawing could flow through the frames without interruption. Above all, his jokes were always original, funny, clean and English. The pay-off or collapse-of-stout-party in the end frame (the most important item in any humorous strip cartoon) was always pointed and well-managed.

'POP' may be placed comfortably in the line of great English comedians together with Falstaff, Pickwick, Jorrocks, or George Robey. Was 'POP' a reactionary figure with his top hat, cravat, spats and umbrella? Millar Watt sees him as a middle-class, professional man, perhaps a Conservative, never political and certainly not a snob.

On May 21st 1946, the Daily Sketch published a full page spread with tributes to 'POP' by fellow artists. Among the contributors were STRUBE (cartoonist of the Daily Express). Frank Reynolds, Punch cartoonist, FOUGASSE, Art Editor of Punch, Chic Young, creator of 'Blondie', David Low, the famous political cartoonist of the Evening Standard, Jack Broome, creator of "Who, Me?" and Millar Watt's friend, Sir Alfred Munnings P.R.A.

Unfortunately, his original drawings which would now be becoming valuable, are not to be found. Some 9,000 'POP' originals must at some time have been lost or destroyed by the Kemsley Organization or their successors. Not surprising when it is remembered that the same paper destroyed countless Phil May originals which would now command up to 200 dollars each in Bond Street.

Fortunately, 'POP' will remain to enjoy the reputation of being the first, best-drawn, most original native strip cartoon to be produced in England during this Century.

A recent Watt cartoon — "John Bull & The Common Market".

EUROPA AND THE BULL

Gluyas Williams

Recent photo of Gluyas Williams and Richard Marschall

During a recent trip to the Boston area, our friend Richard Marschall, Comics Editor of the Field Newspaper Syndicate, had a short visit with the universally-admired, and now retired, Gluyas Williams. Here are some of Richard's thoughts about Williams' art, followed by several specific questions he put to the famous cartoonist.

Richard Marschall's sketch of Gluyas Williams

Gluyas Williams is a very modest man; he preferred to discuss his career rather than his actual work because "everybody knows what it looks like."

What Williams was, through his work, was probably the greatest humorist in the cartooning field. He was easily the counterpart to his friend Benchley, the writer—and, indeed, writers and editors recognized the genius of Williams' drawings as something transcending funny illustrations.

For the quiet Williams had utterly conquered two bugaboos that stand in the way of perfection to nearly all cartoonists: mastery of form and mastery of content. First, there seemed to be nothing Williams could not draw. Big cities, suburban landscapes, the interior of a dining car, a crowded shoreline, perfect perspective, wondrous aerial shots. And he was at peace with his tools: the lines were easy, obviously swift and evidently effortless. An examination of his originals shows that mistakes were seldom made. And the balances are perfect—characters within a panel and the masterful spotting of blacks.

But even all this would be empty without the second element: Williams mastered the content of his work. The viewer was simply *there* when he looked at a Williams cartoon. Every character *had* character and a personality of his own. The mood in each drawing was very real; you know you have been there, or, better yet, you know just what it would be like simply by seeing Williams' depiction of the place. He is a gentle man and all his caricatures, even when devastatingly revealing, are gentle.

He was, above all, a masterful student of human nature and could cram more humanity into a drawing than anyone else, before or since. And with so few lines! And so calmly! This is what would gall all his cartoonist admirers so—if they weren't so reverently awestruck.

And the visitor can appreciate Williams' genius all the more when he reluctantly and modestly gives an insight into his philosophy of cartooning. His body of work is not merely an artistic manifestation of his personality; that would allow us to dismiss him as a talent rather than a genius. No, Williams was always a craftsman, exacting from himself a product consistent with his well-defined theories of humor and cartooning.

This is why, even as a young man, he could lecture Harold Ross on humor; this is why, when even younger, he sought to perfect the art of severe linear economy; this is why he admired the work of Caran d'Ache yet did not copy its style; this is why too his favorite fellow cartoonists were the broad slapstickers Segar and Frank Willard—yet he was never tempted to inch closer to physical humor.

He worked with "any old pen," he will remember, used sometimes plate and sometimes kid finish paper, but he was not a haphazard craftsman. His modesty somehow fittingly caps the quiet but nonetheless overwhelming testament of genius that is his work. His drawings, in the cartooning field, and his humor, in the fields of humor and social commentary, will always stand as the absolute epitomes of their genres.

Ask modern-day cartoonists about their favorite artists or biggest influences and you are bound to hear the names of Milton Caniff, Roy Crane, maybe Segar or DeBeck. But whoever you ask—"straight" or "bigfoot"—when you mention the name of Gluyas Williams, you will ALWAYS be answered: "Ah . . . now THERE was a genius!"

The universally admired genius still lives today outside of Boston. His life is less busy now that he's retired his pen; at one time his drawings appeared in the New Yorker magazine, in a nationally syndicated panel, and gracing the pages of books by top-flight humorists Robert Benchley, Corey Ford and Edward Streeter—all more or less simultaneously.

Following are several questions and answers:

Marschall: In what was probably the first of very few Gluyas Williams interviews, Cartoons Magazine editor T.C. O'Donnell drew you out in 1918 on your theories of caricature. Have you changed much in your approach to your work since then?

Williams: No, not really.

In my very first work, I tried constantly to reduce a drawing to the simplest possible form, to eliminate every unnecessary line. When I started doing (theatrical) caricatures it occurred to me that I might go a little farther and leave out some more lines.

Marschall: What are the rules of good caricature?

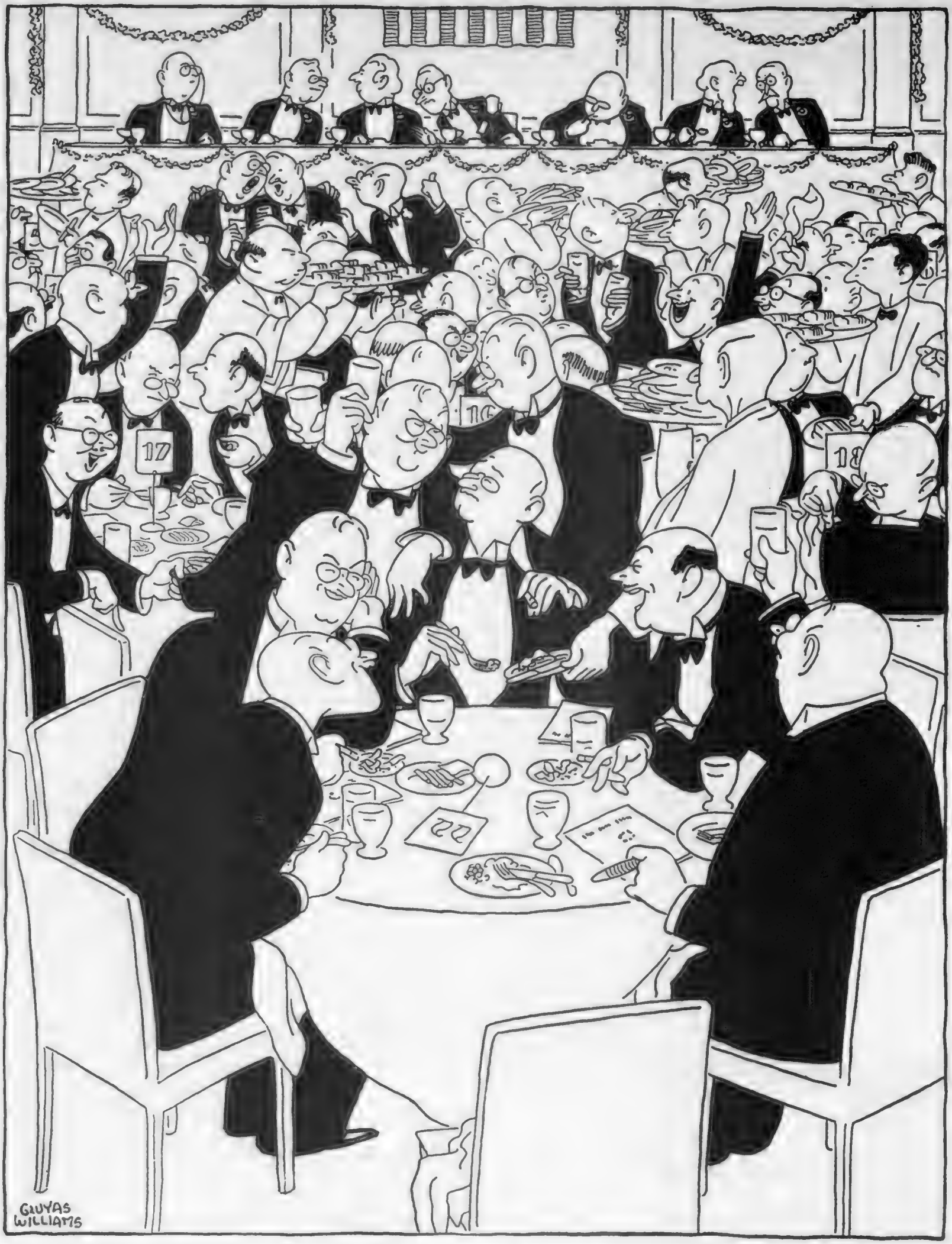
Williams: I think two tests apply to caricature in general. No matter how smart or how humorous a caricature may be it falls flat if it fails to catch the likeness of the subject. And, too, it fails, even if it has the likeness, if it doesn't have the snap that raises it from the commonplace.

Often little tricks with his fingers or a way of standing are as characteristic of a man as a beaklike nose. So when studying my subjects I tried to crowd into my mind as many facts about them as I could possibly remember—how they walk, talk, stand, laugh, smile, and so forth. Then, when drawing, I would forget many of the things . . . they have served their purpose, shaping the character of the person in my mind.

Marschall: Personality, of course, is the thing that must show through.

Williams: Yes, character is really the whole thing . . . It is difficult, and the results are never very satisfactory, to work from a photograph or from a person posing specially for you—if you know nothing about the subject.

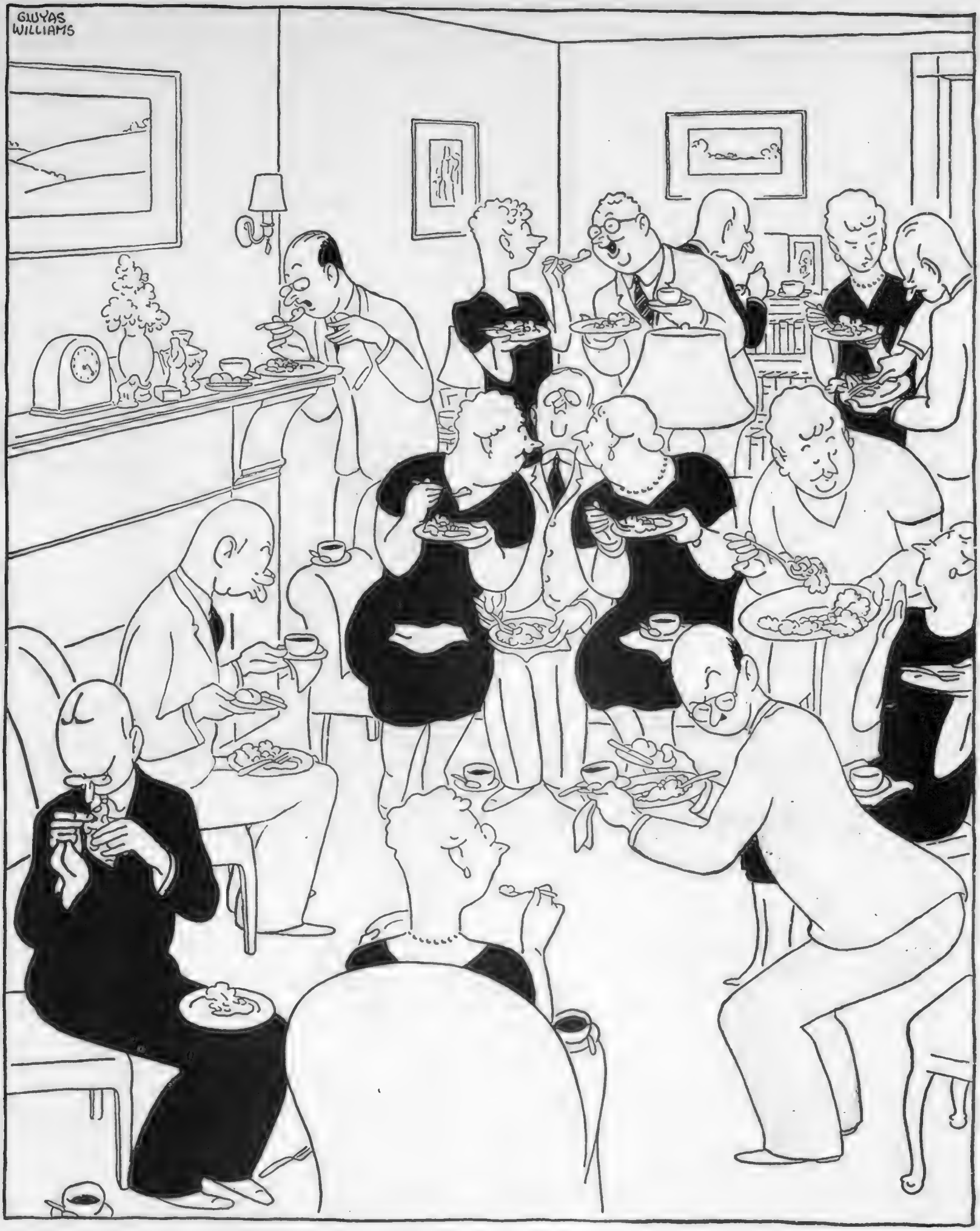
You really have to see people in action and long enough to catch something of their character . . .



THE INNER MAN

Annual Dinner

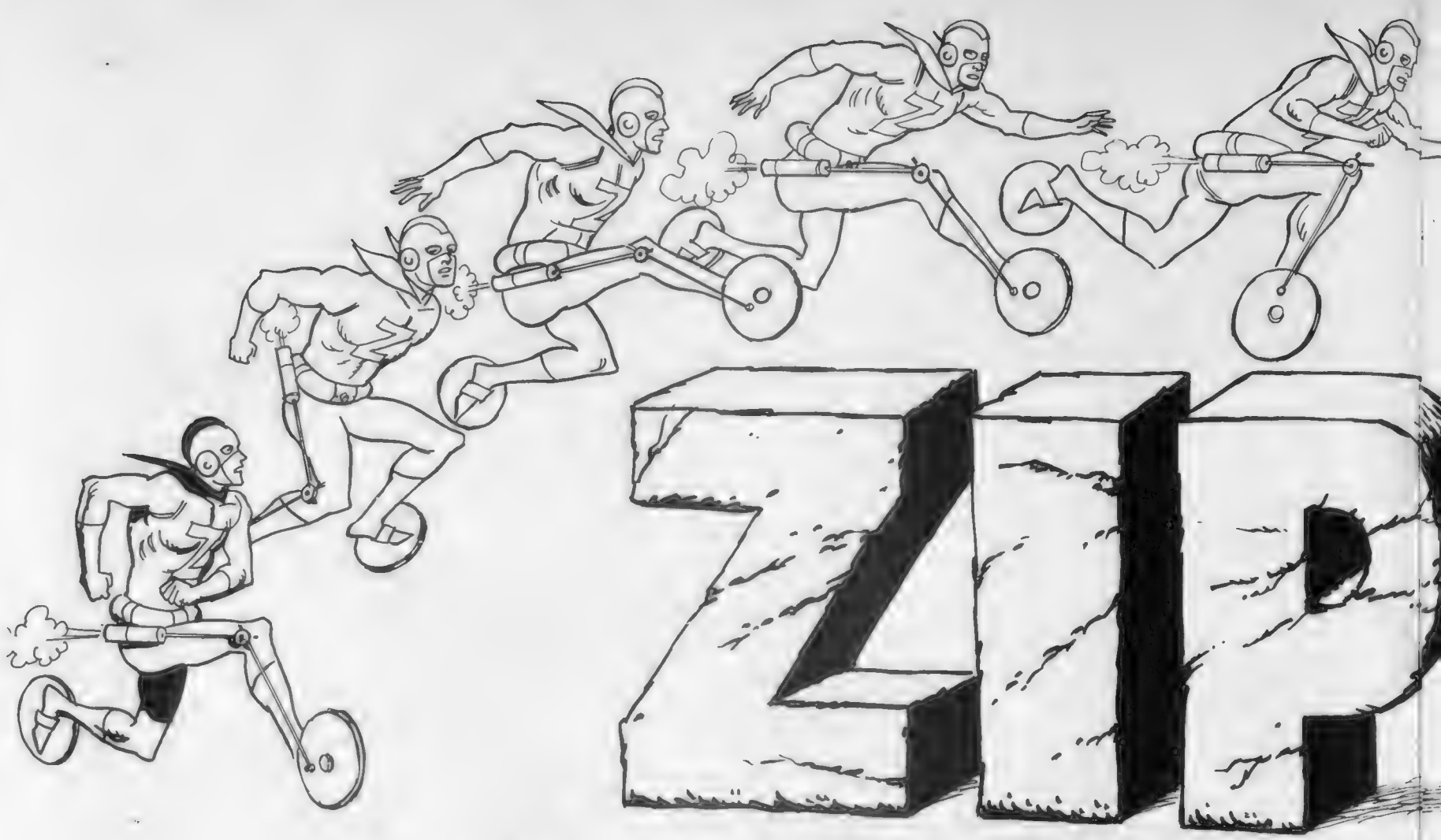
© *1940, 1968 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*



THE INNER MAN

Buffet Supper

© 1940, 1968 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.



COMIC COMMAND PERFORMANCE No. 3

Here is the third installment of the 'Comic Command Performance' series which Jerry De Fuccio, Associate Editor of MAD magazine, started in Issue #26 of CARTOONIST PROfiles. As our readers know, Jerry asks various famous cartoonists who were active in the so-called 'golden days' of the comic books to recreate today some of their famous features. In this issue, Tony Di Preta once again draws 'Zippo' who appeared in Hillman Periodicals' Clue Comics in 1943.

Tony Di Preta

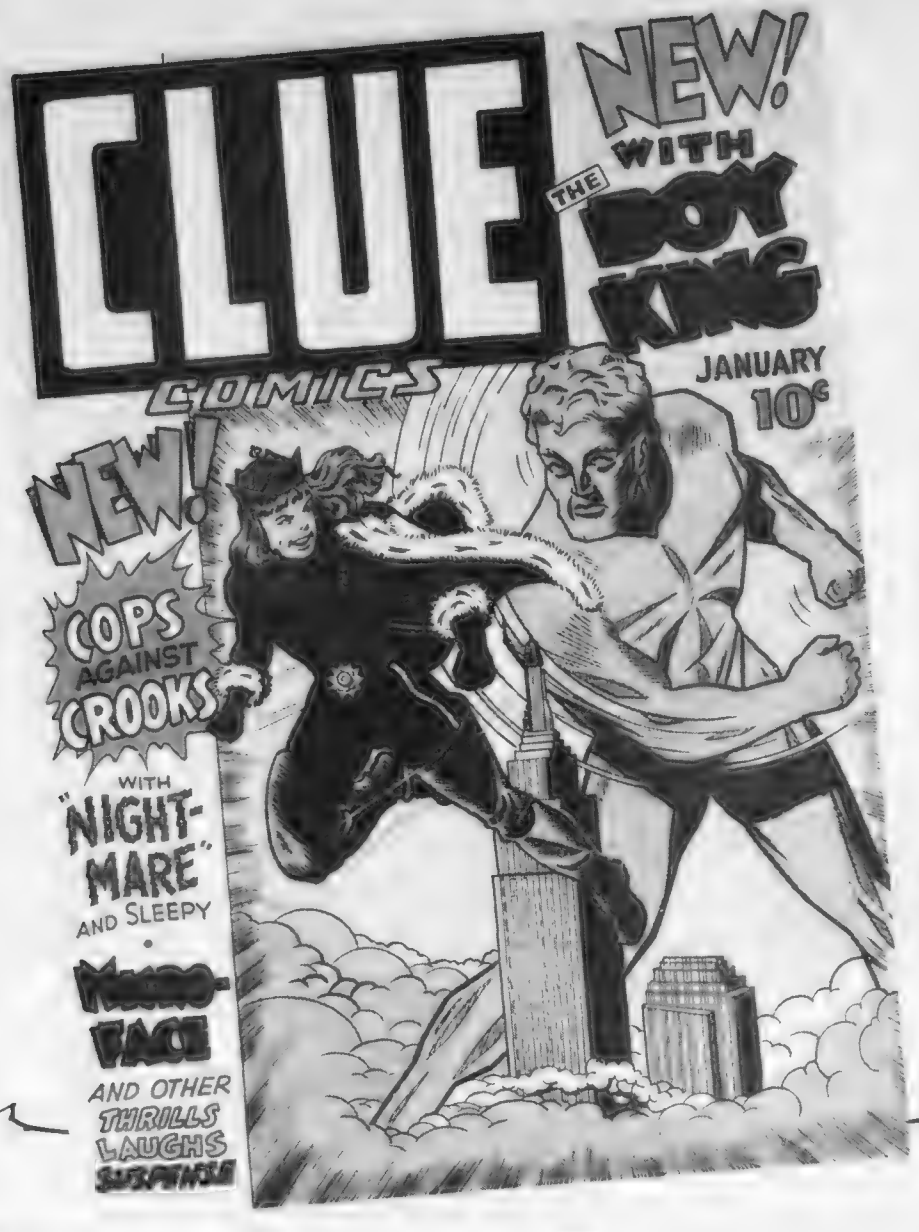
By JERRY DE FUCCIO

HE'S THE MOTOR-MAN ON WHEELS!! ... And look out all you buzzards of crime and you who gnaw and yip at Uncle Sam's coat-tails! Unless you are *fast* ... *yes* ... *very fast*, Zippo will run you right into the ground ...

Roaring Justice On Wheels ... The Wheeled Crime-Fighter! That was Tony Di Preta's character, *Zippo*, in Hillman Periodicals' Clue Comics, back in 1943.

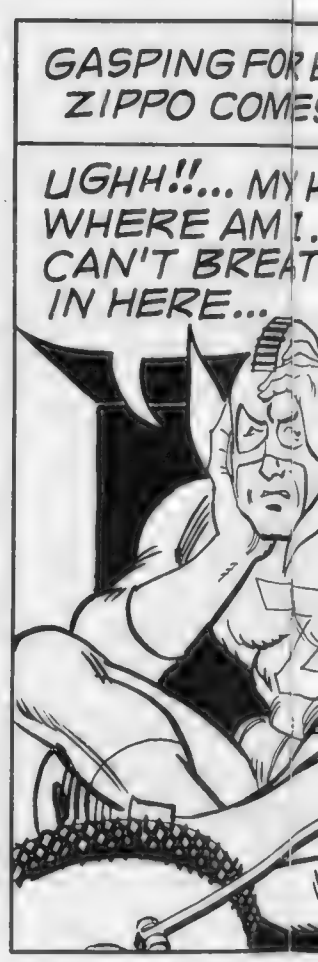
Zippo, complete with carborundum grindstone-like wheels, attached to articulated connecting-rod leg pistons, generated by a metallic "doughnut" powerhouse girdling his waist. *Zippo*, a second-class citizen in a magazine populace of all second-placers, but still memorable across the years.

And, in requesting the affable and fraternal Tony Di Preta to re-tool *Zippo* after thirty years, I found myself an old friend and a new friend.



Tony Di Preta was born in Stamford, Conn., and now resides only a backyard away in Old Greenwich. His artistic talents were manifested and developed while attending Stamford schools, where he drew for the scholastic newspapers and magazines. In his senior year of high school, Tony got his first job in the comic strip field, lettering Lyman Young's adventure strip, "Tim Tyler's Luck". Simultaneously, he did cartoons and lettering for Carr Speirs Co., which produced advertising bulletins. After high school, Tony worked at Magazine Photo Engraving, coloring Quality Comics. This naturally led him to take his portfolio to Quality Comics where he was taken on as a letterer.

Lettering was too routine and limiting, so Tony made a trip into New York City and consulted with Stan Lee of the then Timely



Comics. Stan gave him eight pages of "some pig story" to ink. The "pig" was no doubt the swine-most part of the frisky "Silly Seal & Ziggy Pig", created by MAD's own Al Jaffee, who had established himself in comics just before entering military service. Tony remembers that his first smell of free-lance money was comparable to the aroma of slow-simmering family style tomato sauce.

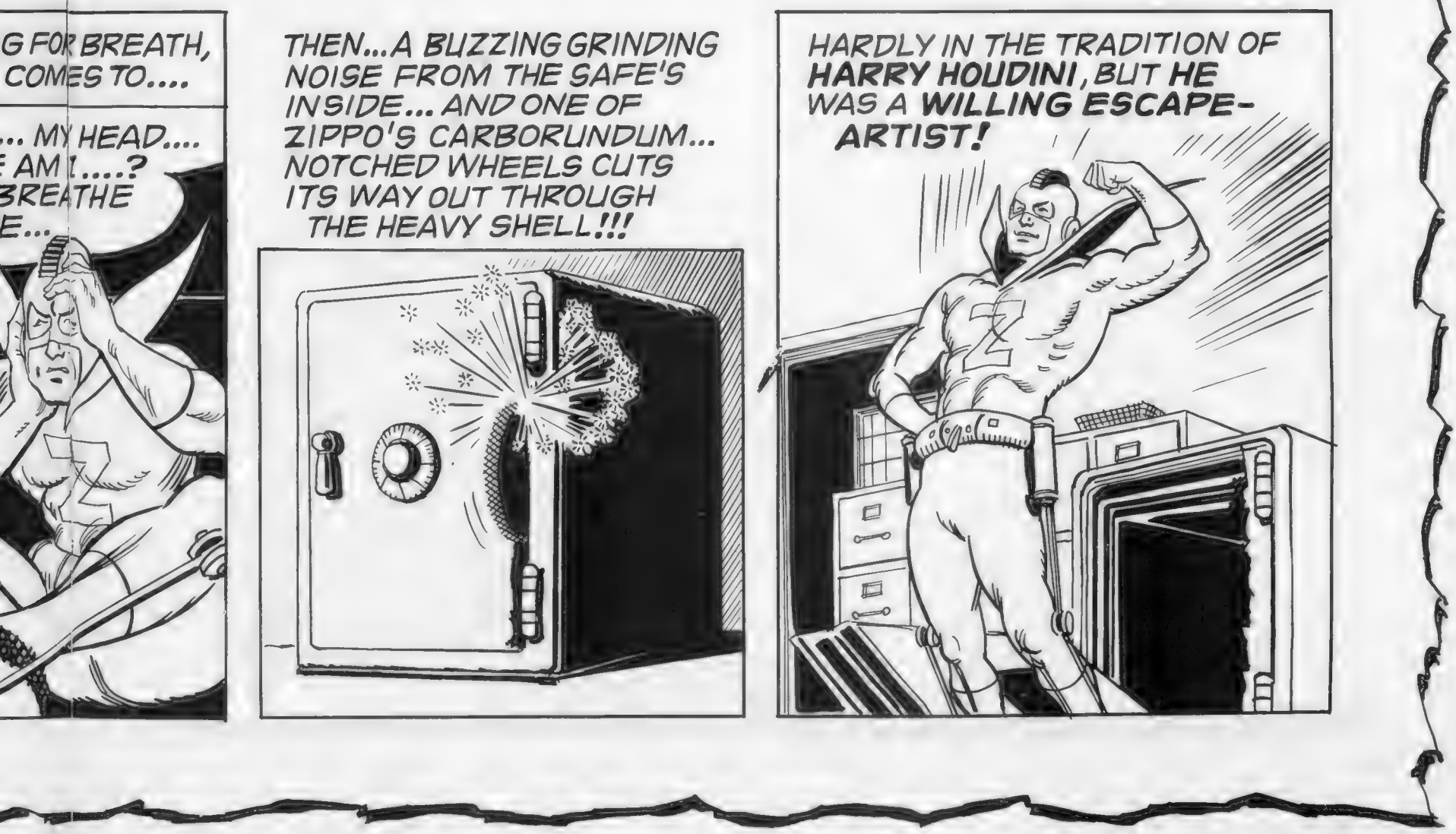
Next, Tony took on accounts at Hillman Periodicals, under the admirable and soft-spoken comics editor, Ed Cronin, and with Quality Comics, headed by the dynamic publisher, Everett "Busy" Arnold. Tony teamed with Cronin, doing such characters as Airboy, The Flying Dutchman, Skinny McGinty, Stupid Manny and *Zippo*. Tony did some cover work, some Dollman, and quite a few Blimpy stories for Quality. Then he went on to the highly successful Lev Gleason Publications, where he worked on Crime Does Not Pay, Crime & Punishment, and Daredevil Wiseguys, for editors Charles Biro and Bob Wood.

Meanwhile, Tony still reserved time to study art at the Silvermine Guild, and completed short story courses at Columbia University and at the University of Connecticut.

Tony worked for over ten years as assistant to Lank Leonard on the "Mickey Finn" comic strip. Leonard eventually moved from his Port Chester home to a lovely dwelling in Miami Shores, Florida. Since Tony was a mobile bachelor in those days, it was no hardship spending his winters sharing Leonard's drawing board and sun.

Di Preta's most significant year may have been 1959. The McNaught Syndicate selected Tony to do the "Joe Palooka" strip. Di Preta has traveled extensively with fellow members of the National Cartoonists Society, entertaining American troops in Europe, North Africa and the Orient, as well as in the United States. Along with Mell Lazarus ("Miss Peach", "Momma") and artist Dan Spiegle, Tony spent three weeks sketching and drawing caricatures for the wounded of Vietnam, in military hospitals from Hawaii to Japan. At the end of that tour, they all volunteered for a ten day tour of Vietnam. While drawing for our men in the military compounds scattered throughout the Mekong Delta, Tony was elated to find "Joe Palooka" in the Army newspaper, Stars & Stripes; something to tell his wife Frances, and his children Janet, Edward, and Richard, when he came home to Connecticut.

And now, Tony, roll back the years and roll in *Zippo* . . .


G FOR BREATH, COMES TO....
... MY HEAD.... E AM I....? BREATHE E...
THEN...A BUZZING GRINDING NOISE FROM THE SAFE'S INSIDE... AND ONE OF ZIPPO'S CARBORUNDUM... NOTCHED WHEELS CUTS ITS WAY OUT THROUGH THE HEAVY SHELL!!!
HARDLY IN THE TRADITION OF HARRY HOUDINI, BUT HE WAS A WILLING ESCAPE-ARTIST!

JOE BLAIR... PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR ... ALIAS ZIPPO!

(A SATIRICAL VIEW OF JOE'S STREET CLOTHES **OVER** HIS **ZIPPO** MACHINERY!)

ZIPPO'S CARBORUNDUM STEEL WHEELS CUT THRU BARS....

CYLINDER HOUSING PISTONS

THROTTLE

POWER IS GENERATED BY COMPRESSED AIR CAPSULES PLACED IN BELT CHAMBER.

SIDE VIEW

JOINT

DRIVING RODS

WHEELS ARE MADE OF CARBORUNDUM STEEL ...HARDEST METAL KNOWN TO SCIENCE... THEY ARE NOTCHED FOR TRACTION...

THE LYNX

THIS SWITCH WILL **MAGNETIZE** THE FLOOR! **ZIPPO.... YOU'RE FINISHED!**

WHAT'S THIS?!! **I CAN'T GO! I'M STUCK!**

THE REPELLER SWITCH ON MY BELT... **THAT'LL RETRACT MY WHEELS!!**

ZIPPO HITS THE ROPE RIGGED BY THE FLY!

WOW!! MADE A COMPLETE TURN!! WONDER I DIDN'T BREAK MY NECK! THAT FLY IS A PEST!

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE BIT HIM!

THE FLY

ZIPPO..

HE'S ROARING JUSTICE ON WHEELS! HE HAS EVERYTHING... SPEED, POWER, AND A NEW BAG OF TRICKS AGAINST CRIME!!!

DYNAMITE
TONY
DiPRETA
....AGAIN!

Phil Love

Here is another column by PHIL LOVE, former Feature Editor of THE WASHINGTON STAR, longtime writer of books and newspaper stories, and producer of the weekly syndicated column, LOVE ON LIFE. As our readers well know, Phil has an endless fund of stories about cartoonists, and it's our pleasure to share them.

Love To All

Every time I think I've written the last word in the amazing story of Baby Colbert somebody comes along with information that makes the tale even more astounding.

In CP number 26, as you'll recall, I told how Alfred Andriola (Kerry Drake) had been taken in by a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colbert of Philadelphia stating that their son, born October 11, 1974, had been named Alfred Andriola Colbert. The couple asked for — and got — an autographed Kerry Drake strip.

In number 27, I reported that Alfred had since learned that the baby also had been named for Yasir Arafat, Nelson Rockefeller and a number of other celebrities. A Philadelphia newsman had looked up the Colberts and found, Alfred said, that "the infant was now about 11 years old, and that the Colberts had been doing this ever since he was born...."

That brought a letter from Roger Bradfield (Dooley's World) reporting that the "baby" also had been named for him, for Russ Myers (Broom-Hilda), and for many other famous cartoonists. Most of them, Roger said, had sent autographed cartoons.

One who didn't was Hy Eisman (Little Iodine). Too late for inclusion in my column for number 27, he wrote to me as follows:

"Reading your column in *CARTOONIST PROfiles* late last night was akin to entering the Twilight Zone. There was my namesake, 'Hy Eisman Colbert' being renamed 'Alfred Andriola Colbert.' And all because I didn't send a drawing!

"Talking to Al in the morning, he told me not to despair, that the baby also bore the names of Yasir Arafat, Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller, and none of those guys, to the best of his knowledge, had sent drawings.

"Trying to one-up Al, I then mentioned an invitation (copy enclosed) by a Mr. and Mrs. Heller who lived at the same address as the Colberts — but, alas, Al had gotten the identical invitation. I was nice enough, however, to answer mine....

"It was Al's suggestion that I send this along to you, a sequel to the 'Alfred Andriola Colbert' story."

THE INVITATION said:

"You are cordially invited to a dinner in honor of the 50th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Heller, Sr., July 5, 1975, at 6 p.m., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Heller, Jr. ...

There was also this note:

"You may not recall our parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Heller, Sr. However, they had the enormous pleasure of personally having met you many years ago. A subject they often recall. For this reason, may we, the children, ask a favor of you? Could you please personally draw a sketch of Little Iodine for our parents and personally inscribe it to our parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Heller, Sr., *and send it to us as soon as possible.* We are preparing a Golden Wedding Album and wish to put your sketch in their album. They will be absolutely thrilled when they *see* you haven't forgotten them after all these years. Most sincerely, Mr. and Mrs. E. Heller, Jr."

HY RESPONDED as follows:

"Of course I recall your parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Heller, Sr. It was on a canoe trip in the Yucatan in 1928.

"How could I ever forget old Senior, as we affectionately called him? It was he who dove into the crocodile-infested waters to rescue the case of Scotch we were portaging in case of snake-bite, and in doing so lost his wallet in the swirling rapids.

"It was then that he borrowed the $50 which he promised to return when we reaches Matu-Barundi on the coast.

"A cablegram ordering me to Tashicent awaited me at Matu-Barundi and we lost trace of each other until now with your very welcome letter.

"I'll be most happy to greet old Eddy and his bride at your house at 6 p.m. on July 5. I wouldn't miss this opportunity for a joyous reunion for all the Scotch on the bottom of the Yucatan."

Hy Eisman

THREE DAYS later Hy received this note:

"We are appalled at your sorry sense of humor. Please disregard our invitation. It is withdrawn. Our parents *never* have borrowed money from *anyone.* They also do not drink like you appear to. Mrs. Sarah Heller."

Hy's letter to me included this postscript:

"I enjoy your column in Jud Hurd's magazine. I hope you keep writing it. I would have told you this personally, but I don't think we've ever met...unless you were in the Yucatan in 1928."

I appreciate Hy's kind words about this column, and I intend to continue writing it as long as God and Jud will let me. But this is my last word about Baby Colbert, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colbert or Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Heller, Sr. or Jr.

That's assuming, of course, that I don't learn somehow that the baby has been named Pope Paul VI Colbert or that Queen Elizabeth II was invited to that golden wedding dinner.

* * *

Irving Phillips

I'LL BET you don't know that Irving Phillips (The Strange World of Mr. Mum) is a fiddler.

Well, I didn't either, until I learned, just the other day, that Irv has been unanimously selected to be editor of the official publication of the Arizona Old-Time Fiddlers Association, *The Arizona Fiddler.* Not that it has anything to do with fiddling, but Irv also has been given a Certificate of Award for "outstanding efforts in communications" by the Maricopa County (Ariz.) Community Colleges District Communications Council.

As reported in number 26, Irv tired of drawing Mr. Mum in 1972, after 17 years of successful syndication, and is now teaching cartooning and gag writing at Arizona's Phoenix College. He may be back in syndication soon, however, as he's working on a new comic in collaboration with one of his students.

MENTION OF IRV'S fiddling reminds me of a story about my grandfather, Dr. Samuel T. Love, and although it has nothing to do with cartoonists or cartooning, there can be no harm in telling it here.

When I was four or five years old my father ran a general store in Loveville, Md., and Grandfather, who was 67 and had but recently given up his medical practice, lived with us. On Saturday nights, farmers came from all over St. Mary's County to gather around the pot-bellied wood stove to swap yarns, argue politics, and listen to Grandfather play his fiddle. He was said to be the best goldarn fiddler in all St. Mary's.

The old fellow loved his fiddle so much that he often said: "When I die, if there's any way to do it, I'm coming back and get my fiddle." He kept it in the seat of a hallrack in the hall between the store and our living quarters.

Grandfather went up to Washington to visit a cousin. A few nights after his departure, my parents and I were awakened by a terrible commotion downstairs. We all leaped from our beds and rushed to the first floor. All the

furniture was turned upside down.

After surveying the disarray, my father went out into the hall. When he returned a few moments later, he announced:

"It's just as I suspected. The old gentleman has died. His fiddle is gone; he must have come back and got it."

Sure enough, word came from Washington the next day that Grandfather had died of pneumonia.

I'll bet there's not a member of the Arizona Old-Time Fiddlers Association, nor of its parent National Old-Time Fiddlers Association, who is as devoted to his or her fiddle as my Grandfather Love was. And I hope that Irv Phillips will not think me too forward in suggesting that he nominate Dr. Samuel T. Love for some sort of honorary membership in both organizations.

* * *

THE FALL MEETING of the Newspaper Comics Council was held in New York's Union League Club, which was famous — or, as some thought, infamous — during Franklin D. Roosevelt's presidency as the place where tycoons gathered daily to curse "that man in the White House."

Council President Charles T. (Chuck) Kline, who will retire next month as president of Metropolitan Synday Newspapers, Inc. (Metro Group), is a Union Leaguer and so are several other men who attended the meeting. I asked one of them, adman Gerald (Jerry) Garrett, if I could see the room in which the tycoons held their FDR-cussing sessions.

"I'd be happy to show it to you," Jerry said, "but it's in use right now. Several members are in there cussing the politicians of both parties."

* * *

RICK MARSCHALL, comics editor of Field Newspaper Syndicate (an amalgam of Publishers-Hall, Chicago Sun-Times, Hall, Post-Hall, and Superior Syndicates), showed up with a well-preserved copy of *Cartoons & Collegian Fun* magazine of — I think — sometime in about 1927, featuring a column of "Advice to Aspiring Cartoonists" titled "Phil Love's Department." Across the top of the page was a self-caricature of the author sitting behind a huge desk, reading a letter, as a postman approaches with more mail. Rick wanted to know if any of the "aspiring cartoonists" who wrote to me for advice achieved success.

"Only two that I recall offhand," I answered, "but I'm not telling you their names. One has died and the other might sue me."

OOPS! I ALMOST forgot to tell you something: I was not in the Yucatan in 1928.

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THE ART IN CARTOONING

We don't know when we have read a more literate discussion of all the aspects of the cartoonist's art than that contained in the Foreword (written by Edwin Fisher and Mort Gerberg) to the just-published new book, The Art in Cartooning. Preparation of this handsome volume has been a project of the Cartoonists Guild, with the help of a great many people whose names are included in the book's Acknowledgments pages. It was edited by Edwin Fisher, Mort Gerberg and Ron Wolin for The Cartoonists Guild, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons. With the permission of those concerned, we are reproducing here the foreword in its entirety, with the thought that reading it will whet your appetite for the 'Seventy-Five Years of American Magazine Cartoons' contained therein. It's a great book!

IF you study a Holbein portrait, it will reveal an almost spendthrift abundance of aims. It is at once an abstract composition, a powerful drawing, painting, character study; a virtuoso display of brushwork, texture, modeling, calligraphy and color. It is a representation, too, of persons and objects, interesting in themselves. It is overlaid, moreover, with a weight of thought, accent, symbol, sense of choice and even of opinion, so that the artist seems in lively conversation with the viewer.

A masterpiece of that sort conquers on a dozen grounds. But where today can such full-bodied art be found?

For one place, in cartooning. And this is not surprising. For, like Holbein, the cartoonist has a multitude of things to say and much to do in order to achieve his aims.

He must, of course, be capable of drawing with expressiveness and verve. That is self-evident, but it merely begins the list. He must present *people*—a cast of characters whose type we recognize in life. Often, he goes beyond type to create persuasive individuals, as in the Dorothy McKay drawing on page 67. Without this recognition we, the audience, are unengaged. All good cartoons relate somehow to the particularities of mankind. The cartoonist knows this. Even when he draws animals they are, at bottom, human beings.

The cartoonist's people also must have mood and passion, must be identifiable by class, ideology and generation. This in itself demands a skill at *genre* drawing of no mean degree. Then he must pose his people, clothe them, make their feelings apparent, place them in appropriate surroundings—and all this merely to set the stage for some particular gesture or action, which he must convey with absolute preciseness.

Action in cartoons *is* gesture, almost always. Cartoon gestures usually are emphatic; however, there are as many "acting styles" used in cartoons as in the theatre, from broad burlesque to subtle comedy of manners. The nature of the comedy dictates the style in which it is played. If a cartoonist has a wide range of ideas he must command a wide variety of acting styles, and many do. Once he has chosen the style suitable to a particular idea the artist, like the dramatist, must build his scene and keep its parts consistent. He stages his characters in a tableau, presenting the one crucial moment in time which implies all action that has gone before and the action that will follow. It is the frozen action of the single cinematic

frame. It is the moment when, for instance, in *Plate 9*, the aggrieved Lautrec looks up at La Goulue to say, reproachfully, "Thank you madam, but the pencils are not for sale."

Even a story told within the confines of a single scenic box must be presented in dramatic sequence—first this, *then* that—if it is to have effect, particularly if it is to be humorous. Every story teller knows the importance of describing things in order. The cartoonist does especially. He must direct the eye. To do this, all the elements and tricks of composition and of tonal emphasis must be known to him. Quite often he must use them to the full.

For example, in one of Peter Arno's most famous cartoons*, it is all-important that the viewer must first see the airplane crashing in the background *before* seeing the little man in front who says, "Well, back to the old drawing board." We do, indeed, "read" the drawing in this necessary sequence, but it is due to genius, not to chance. To push the viewer's eye along that particular path, Arno has brought into play a powerful crossfire of diagonal lines and wedge-pointed spaces centered on the crashing airplane. The thrust of running figures, the lines of ambulance and hangar, even the tiny parachute strings in the distance, do their part. It is a composition of Bruegelian completeness. Indeed, it much resembles the tremendous star-shape of diagonals imploding on the bagpipe player in Bruegel's *The Peasant Dance*.

Alternately, composition may be used for just the opposite purpose: to fool or misdirect the eye so that attention is deliberately led *away* from an important object. Two excellent examples of this sort of deftness can be found on pages 58 and 39. In the first, I. Klein takes care to direct our attention to the unimportant right-of-center of his drawing so that the absurd situation of the taxidermist will not be seen too soon. In the second instance, Forbell uses a bland tone to keep us from discovering the multiplicity of activities of cuckoo clock tuners all at once.

Cartoonists also must be able to create dramatic moods or "atmosphere." Ghost stories, gallows humor and mock-historical analogies attain their full effect only in a convincing stage-setting. Comic action often must be played against a background of heroic grandeur. Look, for example, at Richard Decker's sweeping landscape on page 69, or Charles Saxon's monumental Venice on page 136. Or note the marvelously sodden atmosphere of Robert Weber's rainy city night on page 129, one of the wettest scenes imaginable; its atmosphere is utterly essential to the comedy.

As for dark airs of dread, of palpable, unspoken menace, no artist has done more in this particular vein than has Charles Addams. An example of how much Addams can derive from sheer suggestive atmosphere is his cartoon on page 70 of the man reading off a long shopping list; the humor of the scene arises directly from that intangible but heavy mood which promises disaster all by itself.

In all of the above examples, too, there is displayed not only great technical skill in atmospheric scene painting, but a special deftness, or lack of ponderousness, characteristic of cartooning. The cartoonist's touch cannot be merely academic. He must paint his scene, however grandiose, but still be easy about it. His sense of selectivity, therefore, becomes another vital element; an expression in itself. As in all art, what the cartoonist chooses to leave out conveys as much as what he chooses to put in. Less is more.

And there are other elements, less obviously requisite to story telling. There is calligraphy, which perhaps expresses the *élan* and bounce of the cartoonist him-

* Originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, March 1, 1941.

self more than of his narrative. Mainly, it is a direct aesthetic joy. Another is texture; the smack of watercolor on rough paper, the cozy nubbliness of chalks, the forthright stroke of gouache impasto or the velvet sensuosity of charcoal. These elements enhance the purely visual enjoyment we derive from many a cartoon. Some specimens of outstanding calligraphy can be seen on pages 122, 124, 209, 211, and 212; and there is a deliciousness of texture to be found consistently in the work of such artists as Whitney Darrow, Jr., Edward Sorel, Barbara Shermund, Lee Lorenz and Eldon Dedini, to name just a few.

Then there is the pleasure we get from recognition of the artist's individuality, his personal style. Speak the names of Peter Arno, James Thurber, Charles Dana Gibson or Art Young. Each conjures up not just a drawing or two, but a *way* of drawing; a consistency of touch and observation, often of subject matter or theme, which runs through an entire body of work and reflects one personality.

Finally, there is that sense of conversation mind-to-mind, of the artist speaking through his work directly to the viewer. Few branches of the visual arts provide such opportunities for comment and opinion as does cartooning. Comment is *proper* to cartooning, whereas in many other art forms it is all-too-often forced. Both in his ideas and drawings—his observations of people, life styles, trends; even in the little visual asides of hands, feet, hair-do's—the cartoonist makes his personal response to the entirety of what he sees in the world around him. In fact, the only brake on the cartoonist's freest and most profound discourse is applied by editors; and a severe brake it is. Of course, every form of art has its complaining patrons and artists often can find ways of getting around them. In general, where the cartoonist is most nearly a free agent he observes and comments best. Where he is the long-term client of some one controlling periodical or syndicate his discourse is least interesting. Or at any rate, least varied.

It has not been the intention of this preface to discuss all aspects of cartooning. We do not, for instance, speak of the relationship of the cartoonist to his times. Nor do we even attempt to analyze his humor. Too much has been said by many an art historian or critic, writing in a forum such as this, about "the influence of new industrial technology on comic drawing," or "the humorist's peculiar worm's eye view of life." By contrast, surprisingly little has been offered on the very point these writers might be presumed most qualified to discuss, namely the art itself. We, therefore, have confined ourselves to that aspect alone; it is sufficient—and neglected—ground enough to try to cover in these few pages.

But let us touch on one more point. As noted, the cartoonist makes use of the whole range of those resources which together constitute the classic elements of art, such as composition, texture, selectivity, etc., and he uses them as fully and as purposefully as anyone in art today. But he enjoys another valuable resource—in fact, a priceless one in the contemporary art world.

The cartoonist is the beneficiary of an immediate, self-correcting "feedback" from his audience. He shows his work; the viewers laugh. Or they do not laugh. They do not feel intimidated, they never shrug evasively and murmur, "interesting." He knows at once if he succeeds or fails; and he can learn in both cases. He is enabled to grow in his work throughout the span of his career, guided by that un-

failing touchstone–laughter. He cannot blunder very far along some solipsistic bypath without shortly being made aware of it. Nor can his drawings be mysteriously "puffed" by dealers to a docile public. The cartoonist's public enjoys, participates in and personally evaluates his art; it is a public which, therefore, will never stand to be deceived about him nor permit him to deceive himself.

All this is not to depict cartooning, necessarily, as the hidden El Dorado of the art world. Every cartoonist digging in this ground, however rich it may be, does not produce treasures. But it is time some serious attention was paid to those who do. There happen to be quite a number of them.

Many are presented in this book. The value of what they have mined cannot, of course, be proved in essays; it is a judgment best left to the eye of the beholder. Look and see. But notice, as you do, how much art there truly is in the art of cartooning.

EDWIN FISHER
MORT GERBERG

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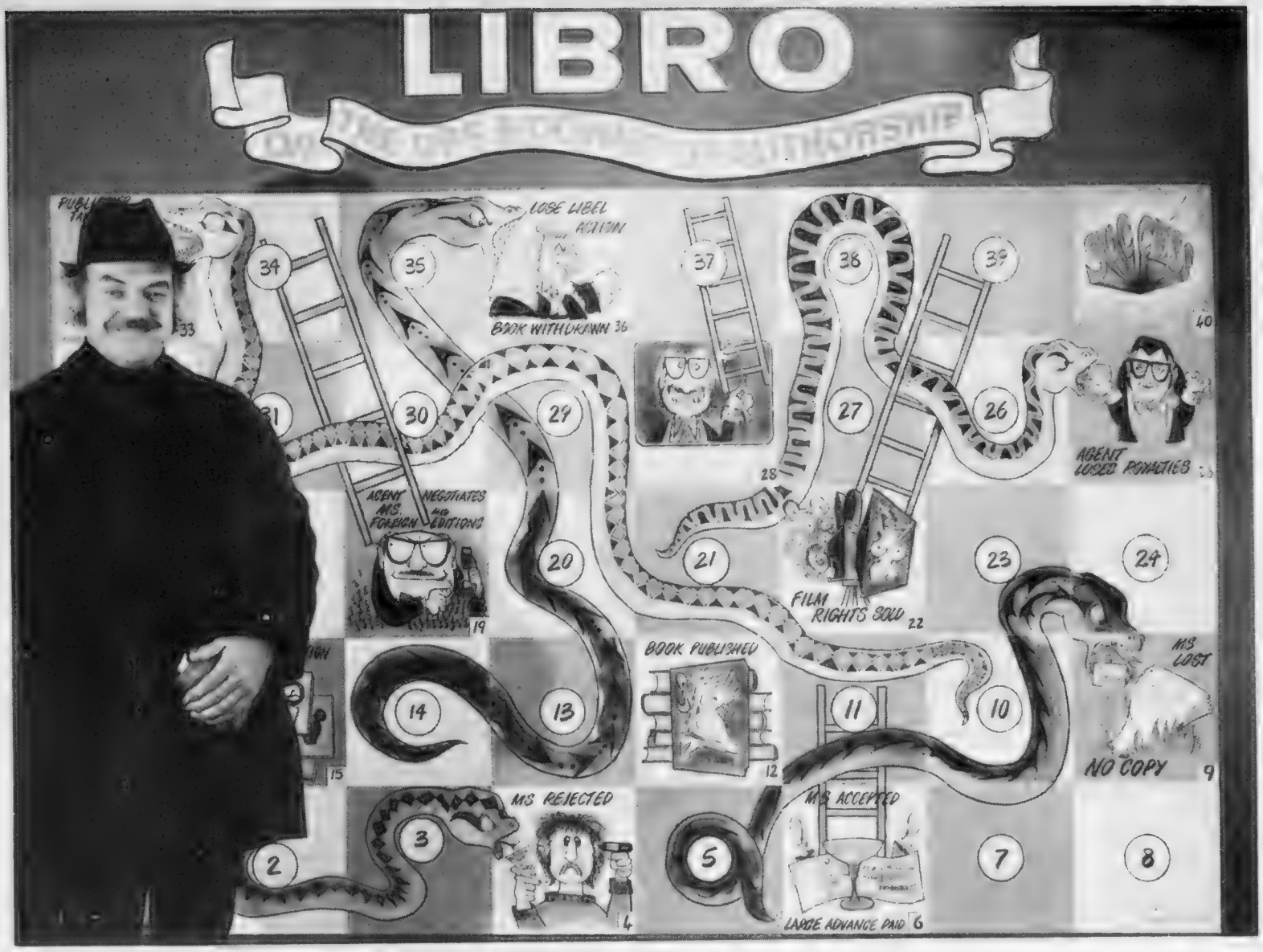
Artists represented in *The Art in Cartooning*

CHARLES ADDAMS CONSTANTIN ALAJALOV SERGIO ARAGONES ED ARNO PETER ARNO HOWARD BAER PERRY BARLOW CHARLES BARSOTTI RALPH BARTON STAN AND JAN BERENSTAIN GLENN BERNHARDT MARTHA BLANCHARD R.O. BLECHMAN GEORGE BOOTH HERB BRAMMEIER, JR. BOB BRANDRETH BO BROWN M.K. BROWN GILBERT BUNDY ORLANDO BUSINO JOHN CALDWELL E. SIMMS CAMPBELL ROBERT CENSONI SAM COBEAN BRUCE COCHRAN NATE COLLIER COVARRUBIAS ABE CRAMER PERCY CROSBY GREGORY d'ALESSIO WHITNEY DARROW, JR. CHON DAY ROBERT DAY ABNER DEAN RICHARD DECKER ELDON DEDINI JOHN DEMPSEY DIANE DENEROFF GEORGE DOLE BORIS DRUCKER ALAN DUNN ALDEN ERIKSON JARO FABRY JOSEPH FARRIS JULES FEIFFER FISH ED FISHER FORBELL DANA FRADON ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI EDWARD FRASCINO A.B. FROST AL FRUEH R.B. FULLER JOHN GALLAGHER LEO GAREL MARY GAUERKE MORT GERBERG CHARLES DANA GIBSON MARTIN GIUFFRE HERBERT GOLDBERG RUBE GOLDBERG ED GRAHAM MILT GROSS S. GROSS JOHN GROTH WILLIAM HAMILTON MAL HANCOCK J.B. HANDELSMAN SIDNEY HARRIS JOHN HELD, JR. TOM HENDERSON NED HILTON WILLIAM HOEST SYD HOFF HELEN HOKINSON BILL HOLMAN STAN HUNT PHIL INTERLANDI REA IRVIN AL JOHNS JACK KABAT NURIT KARLIN AL KAUFMAN LARRY KATZMAN BIL KEANE TED KEY I. KLEIN B. KLIBAN EDWARD KOREN ANATOL KOVARSKY ROBERT KRAUS BILL LEE JARED LEE EDWIN LEPPER DAVID LEVINE LEE LORENZ RICHARD McCALLISTER DOROTHY McKAY JACK MARKOW C.E.M. HENRY MARTIN BOB MERZ ROLAND MICHAUD W. MILLER JOSEPH MIRACHI FRANK MODELL W. MORGAN JAMES MULLIGAN BILL MURPHY LOU MYERS THOMAS NAST ED NOFZIGER WILLIAM O'BRIAN DICK OLDDEN EVERETT OPIE DON OREHEK VIRGIL PARTCH DAVID PASCAL RUSSELL PATTERSON S.J. PERELMAN MARY PETTY PETER PORGES GARRETT PRICE GEORGE PRICE LOUIS PRISCILLA ALICE HARVEY RAMSEY GARDNER REA DONALD REILLY MISCHA RICHTER BOARDMAN ROBINSON CHARLES RODRIGUES CARL ROSE AL ROSS ARNOLD ROTH JOHN RUGE C.D. RUSSELL BRIAN SAVAGE CHARLES SAXON BERNARD SCHOENBAUM BARBARA SHERMUND VAHAN SHIRVANIAN HOWARD SHOEMAKER DINK SIEGEL CLAUDE SMITH OTTO SOGLOW EDWARD SOREL JAMES STEVENSON T.S. SULLIVANT AL SWILLER BETTY SWORDS HENRY SYVERSON MARVIN TANNENBERG RICHARD TAYLOR JAMES THURBER BARNEY TOBEY DEAN VIETOR WILLIAM von RIEGEN JAMES WEAVER ROBERT WEBER H.T. WEBSTER GLUYAS WILLIAMS GAHAN WILSON ROWLAND B. WILSON B. WISEMAN MIKE WITTE BILL WOODMAN D. WORTMAN ART YOUNG CRAWFORD YOUNG JACK ZIEGLER ZIM



Toni Goffe

We visited cartoonist TONI GOFFE at his home and studio in England during October, and were interested in hearing about his children's book work, his advertising cartoons, and his drawings for several comic magazines. We think our readers will be interested in the difference between the cartoonist's situation in England and in the U.S. Toni, his wife, Jill, and their children, Timothy 12, and Tobin 10, live in Alton, about 50 miles south of London.

Q: The Cartoonists' Club of Great Britain has an interesting meeting place, doesn't it?
A: Yes — we got in touch with one of the breweries and a pub which was already in existence was renamed 'The Cartoonist' for us. We supplied the cartoons which are all over the walls and the original owner, who still operates the pub, paid for the redecorating. Although there have been efforts to get something going professionally, we mainly get together for a drink and chatting. It's just off Fleet Street. Our 200 members are spread all over the country, and if any of them are in London, they usually drop in at 'The Cartoonist'. We meet the last Friday of every month for a general get-together and a drink or two, and there's an official meeting on the second Monday.

Q: I'm aware that there aren't a great many cartoonists in England doing daily strips for the newspapers, as is the case in the U.S. What types of work do most of your members do?
A: There can't be many more than 20 cartoonists over here who do daily strips for the newspapers. A lot of U.S. syndicated strips appear in our papers as you know. Bill Tidy draws a strip which appears in the Daily Mirror called 'The Fosdyke Saga' and he also creates 'The Cloggies' which appears in the weekly magazine 'Private Eye'. Alex Graham does the 'Fred Basset' comic strip in the Daily Mail and you see that because it's distributed in the U.S. by the Field Newspaper Syndicate. And of course the Daily Mirror has 'Andy Capp' with which you're very familiar in the States.

But to get back to the second part of your question as to what kinds of cartoon work our members do — let me give you an idea of the

variety in my own case. I do a lot of work for children's books and I know you're going to include several samples along with this conversation of ours. They're hard cover books in full color. This takes a lot of research of course. Then I do some advertising drawing — and the money is better in that field — but I try to avoid doing too much of it because of the many alterations you have to do. I'm sure the same thing is true in the States.

Then I do 3 pages a week for what we call 'children's comics'. They're somewhat similar to the comic books in the U.S., but about 9x12 inches in size, and all the pages, including the cover, are on newsprint. The cover page is printed in color but the balance of the strips are in black and white. Two of my pages chronicle the adventures of 'The kids of Stalag 41'. Stalag 41 was a prisoner-of-war camp in Nazi Germany during the Second World War, and according to my strip, it was filled with British boys who gave their Kommandant, Col. Klaus Von Schtink, a terrible time with their constant attempts to escape. This feature appears in the magazine 'Buster'. It's drawn in cartoon style, has had a lot of adverse publicity, and since we've gone into the Common Market, the German accents have been played down. In addition, I do the one-page strip 'Loser', which is about a boy who keeps losing things. This appears in the 'Whizzer and Chips' magazine. I s$_1$end 2 days a week doing these children's strips, and the rest of the time on children's hardcoverbooks and advertising

Children's book illustration by Toni Goffe.

work.

There aren't many magazines like 'Punch' in England, but most of the London dailies run about ¼ page of single-panel cartoons. Most of our members do these in addition to their other work. They don't involve regular characters, and everyone submits by mail. The cartoon situation is bad in England — rates are low & some magazines are paying the same rates they were paying in 1936. Because of the poor rate of payment for single panels, the gates are opened for amateurs, and so consequently a batch of panels in a paper will be done half by pros and half by amateurs. Many editors in England seem to think of cartoons as fillers.

Q: I know you've said that the more people you meet, the better your cartoons will be. Will you tell us about all of the interesting activities you've combined with your cartoon career?

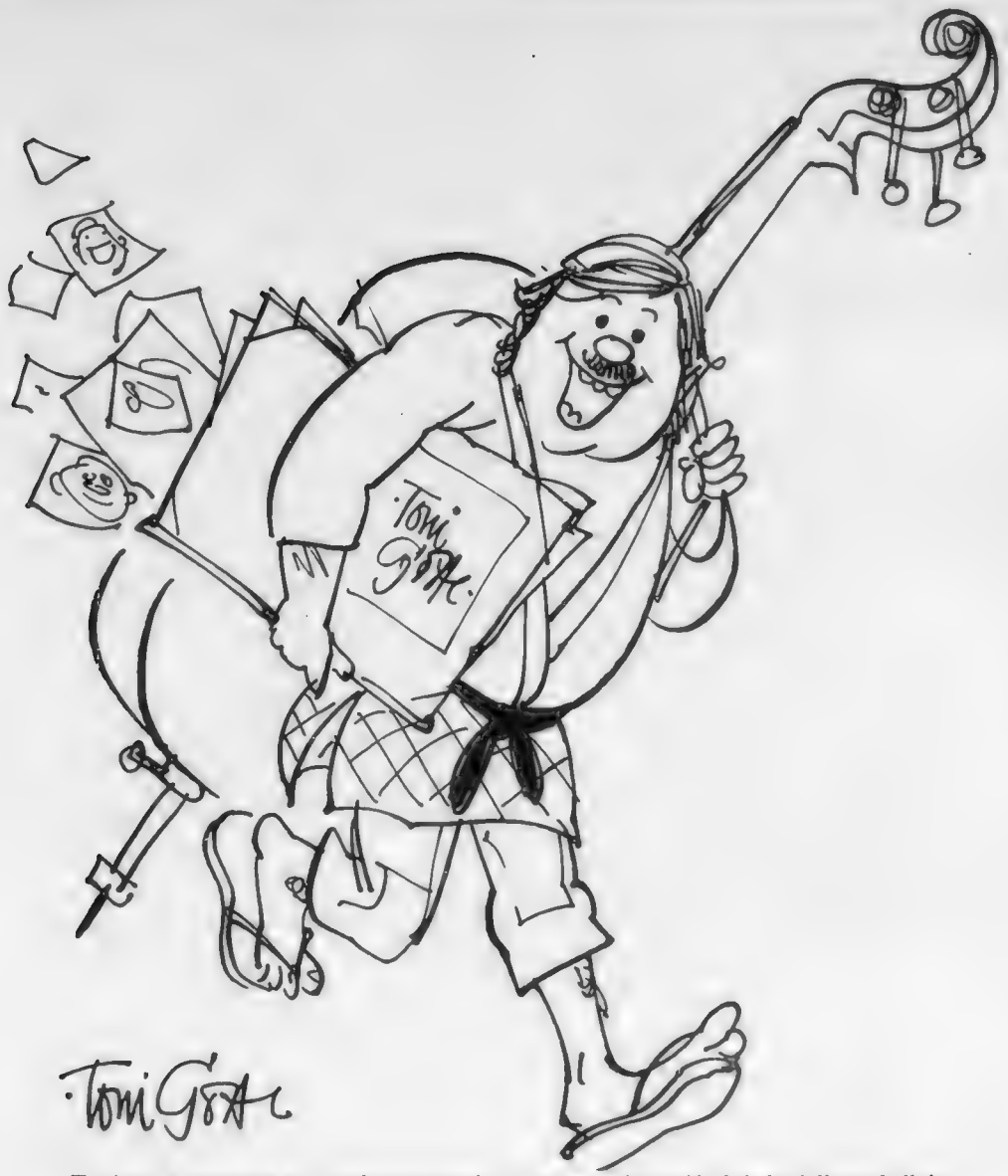
A: As far as art training, I had 4 years at the Southampton College of Art — and I think this gave me the ability to go on and do hardcover children's books. When I left art school, I went into the service and began sending cartoons to the army paper, 'The Soldier'. When you sold anything to the army, you had to sign reams of forms in triplicate in order to get your money, and I used to get so many secret envelopes filled with papers headed 'War Office' that everyone thought I was in the spy service. Actually I was in the Royal

Photo by Crispin Eurich-London

Toni in his studio in Alton, Hampshire, England. It was an old Wesleyan manse (1893) and he still gets mail for the Reverend Toni Goffe.

Photo by Crispin Eurich-London

Toni is also an enthusiastic painter. Here he is with his wife, Jill, who is also an artist. (And Ben — without whom I would never clean my brushes.)



Toni was a musician in London, using this to support himself while he followed all the other ex-art students around the well-trodden path from one editor to the next — and using judo as a relaxation. He finally became an instructor at London's foremost judo club.

—"THAT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU DARLING, BUT I'M YOUR FATHER!"—

Ordnance Corps and, as a cartoonist, was doing the films for the Army's Driver Instruction School. I hid myself in a corner, behind a big wall of great coats, just drawing away.

After that I got involved in music in Southampton, and became a professional in the field after having met a drummer friend in the business. While I was playing and traveling around the country, I was also drawing and trying to develop my drawing connections. Naturally, this supplemental income helped matters. I played string bass in the jazz band.

Then for the past 25 years I've instructed in judo — I have a 3rd-degree Black Belt. I run two judo clubs involving children and adults. Classes are twice a week for adults at one club and then there's a third session at another club. We have children on Saturday mornings. I rent space, advertise that classes are to be held, etc. This experience has been very helpful for my cartooning because I have to get out and about — the more people you meet, the better. One of these private clubs is the Haslemere Judo Club and the other is the Greyshott Judo Club. Having the two separate operations, we can enter competitions in both towns.

Q: What else do you do, Toni?

A: I've also been running an art gallery for the past year in a local village — Selbourne. I'm particularly interested in painting, and another artist and I exhibit local artist s'work. This activity has been a source of so much fun and so many ideas. I live in Alton, in Hampshire, the southern part of England, about 50 miles south of London, and our 'Pendulum Gallery' is in this tiny village, Selbourne, which is a tourist center and well-known because of famed Gilbert White who lived there 100 years ago, and who wrote a book about the town's natural history. Of course I have a studio at home but I have an office in a back room of the gallery where I can work too. The danger about cartooning is that you're ordinarily working alone at home and you can get into a rut. You've got to get out and about as much as possible.

Q: What IS your normal work routine?

A: Once we get the children off to school, I go through the papers, read what's happening and let things jell while I'm having a cup of coffee. I like to go to the board in the studio about 9 with a plain sheet of paper in front of me, and see what happens then. I like to work in silence, without any interruption, and just let the ideas flow. I like to work in short spurts and to get out quite a bit of drawing during those periods. And I like to get all the thinking part done in the morning. I go out in the afternoons — don't get anything done then — and start again in the early evening. Then, after judo on some evenings, I come back and work till the early hours — which is a bit of a strain at times. I'm still in a local amateur jazz band by the way. ●

Gene Basset

Since his son, Roger, is attending The Royal Academy in London, GENE BASSET, the Chief Editorial Cartoonist for the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, decided this past October to visit him, and also to try the experiment of producing his daily cartoon from that city for a while. We had the pleasure of seeing them both during Gene's first day in England, and we asked Keith Mackenzie, the Art Editor of The Daily Mail, if he would interview Basset for CARTOONIST PROfiles after Gene got settled in his new routine. Gene is normally based in Washington and his cartoons are also distributed by the UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE. He is a Past-President of The Association of American Editorial Cartoonists.

Q: What's the best way for a young person to get into editorial cartooning?
A: I guess if you look into the careers of any 10 of the pros, you'll discover that they approached the business in 10 different ways. But there are certain requirements that are absolutely necessary. To begin with, you have to have a genuine interest in politics, and a fairly good understanding of history—especially American if you're a U.S. cartoonist. You need to be a good draftsman and to be aware of the various techniques that are involved. You don't go into political cartooning as just another way of earning a living—you have to have a very natural feel for it, and you fall by the wayside very quickly if you don't have this feel. So, to sum it up, get as much history, politics and art into your system as you can, and then take the plunge.

Q: Naturally, you should study the great political cartoonists of the past and benefit from what they can teach you.
A: By all means.

Q: What is the role of the political cartoonist?
A: Some say, 'If it's big, hit it!' The political cartoonist is there to challenge the establishment, to be the ombudsman of sorts for the little man, because he has a voice the little guy doesn't have. I think that the cartoon is a much more powerful weapon than the written word, and that editors somehow fear this. Most of them, of course, are writers, and they've always worked with editorial writers, but they're not quite sure how to work with a cartoon. Often, in adjusting to the cartoon, they'll cut it down rather than not.

Q: I believe you've said that there's a renaissance in political cartooning.
A: Yes—there are a lot of young people coming along, and they're not hacks from the old art department days. They're challenging the establishment, and they're not about to back off, which used to be the case with political cartoonists who weren't sure of their role.

Q: I know that your son Brian's a good example of this not being willing to back off.
A: As you know, he's a freshman at Ohio State and he's the political cartoonist for their daily newspaper, The Ohio State Lantern. Well, to go back a bit, the high school he attended had been written up in the Washington Post as a school reflective of most of the affluent high schools in the northern Virginia area—a school where all the kids drove to school and where many of them took off in the middle of the day in their cars. This resulted in a great many accidents. Shortly after this writeup, one of the girls took a group of kids in her car, and drove off for a meal one day. On the way back, on a narrow country lane, she ran off the road, was killed, and several of her passengers were pretty well banged up. When Brian was asked to do something for the school paper, he drew a cartoon showing some kids in a car, approaching the figure of Death who was standing beside the road. One of the kids hangs his head out the window and says, "Hop in, we're only killing time." This cartoon stirred up a big controversy in the high school, some people thought it was in bad taste, and that seeing it would hurt the feelings of some of the families involved. So they asked Brian if he'd do a different one but he said, "No!" The school newspaper staff voted to support Brian's viewpoint but said he'd have to change the cutline. Again he refused. Well, the Washington Post decided to do a story on Brian, explaining how censorship had resulted in the

"OKAY, RUMSFELD, BUSH, RICHARDSON AND YOU TOO, KISSINGER... LET'S WIN ONE FOR OLD FORD U.!"

killing of the cartoon. They ran a 5-column cut of the drawing, and then a TV station picked it up and did a segment on their evening news show. This led to a call from AP which had sent the story out but which now wanted to use the cartoon as well. Finally, Newsweek was doing a story on high school censorship and they included Brian in that.

Q: What a great example of a young cartoonist standing his ground. Changing directions for a moment, have any of these young American political cartoonists you referred to come out of the underground movement?

A: No, I don't think so. Sometimes the underground stuff is very good as far as approach goes, but the techniques are generally crude and makeshift.

Q: The Watergate affair certainly showed up the strength of American political cartooning, didn't it?

A: It certainly did. Whenever the times are dramatic, the best is going to be brought out in the cartoons of the people working during that period.

Q: You went to Vietnam as an artist-correspondent, didn't you?

A: Yes—I had opposed the war although most newspapers had supported our several Presidents in the actions they took over there. I guess our paper wanted me to go over in order to see the light as they saw it. However the trip just reinforced my views and I thought that the war was a horrible way to try to settle affairs. The trip gave me a chance to get out in the field and draw in actual combat conditions—which I hadn't experienced during World War II. So the opportunity was a valuable one for me.

Q: Could we have a rundown on how you got into the business?

A: My mother came from England, my father from Germany, and I grew up in various sections of the New York metropolitan area. I attended that famous High School of Music and Art which a number of cartoonists have talked about in various issues of PROfiles, then joined the Navy in 1944 and went to sea. When I came back in 1946, I went out to the University of Missouri for a couple of years, having in the back of my mind some kind of a career in journalism. I had just about reached the point where I'd be ready to enter their School of Journalism when I decided that I'd rather paint. I had the G.I. Bill and planned to go to Paris for that purpose with a friend. But the guy I had intended to make the trip with, and who spoke French, couldn't make it at the last moment so I cancelled those plans. All of which resulted in my finishing my schooling at Cooper Union in New York, and at Brooklyn College. In 1951 I went with the Indianapolis Times—not as a political cartoonist however. I spent two years doing sports cartoons, courtroom sketches, a comic strip of sorts, swept floors, etc. This was a very conservative Republican newspaper so I didn't let them know that I was doing political cartooning on the side for the Democratic State Committee. This was the campaign when Stevenson was challenging Eisenhower. Funny thing— I couldn't sign my name on these cartoons and once in a while my editor would call me in and say, "My God, Gene, there's someone around who draws just like you!" This went on for a couple of years. Finally I was canned—I guess I was just too much of a luxury and too much of a problem. I started to question more and more, and occasionally I'd get cartoon ideas into the paper before they could do anything about it. So I left Indiana, went to N.Y. and did theatrical and sports cartoons for the old Brooklyn Eagle but no political cartoons. Maybe I was something of a Jonah because just after I left that paper it folded. From there I went to the Boston Post and after a couple of years, that ship sank too.

Fortunately, however, I then settled down in Westport,Connecticut for 5 years, correcting lessons for the Famous Artists Course, and supplementing this with a lot of freelance work in New York City. I learned a great deal, by the way, by correcting other people's work. I guess most teachers have admitted that they've always learned at the same time they were instructing others. While there I also had the great privilege of getting to know the famous illustrator, Robert Fawcett, who lived nearby. He was a great inspiration to me. Other noted artists—Norman Rockwell, Stevan Dohanos, Al Parker, etc., were involved with the course at this time too.

Q: Going back to the Brooklyn Eagle for a moment, you had the opportunity to get some caricaturing experience which stood you in good stead in your later political cartooning, didn't you?

A: Yes—William Auerbach-Levy, one of the great caricaturists, was getting a little tired, so the drama critic of the Eagle asked me if I'd alternate with him. I got to work with him but I guess he thought I had moved in and was taking away the last piece of ground he had to stand on, so we never had a very cordial relationship. His drawings were still superb but he was getting old and his stuff had become somewhat formularized and it didn't have the old spark.

Then early in 1962, a great turning point occurred in my career when I answered an ad in which the Honolulu Star-Bulletin was

"... AND THIS ONE SHOWS MR. HOOVER HOT ON THE TRAIL OF MARTIN LUTHER KING"

CAPITOL HILL FOLLIES

"YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, HENRY... TOO MANY BACK SEAT DRIVERS. WHERE TO NOW, HENRY?"

"HAD ENOUGH, BRITAIN?"

" ... AND BABY MAKES THREE "

looking for an editorial cartoonist. When I got out there with my family however, I found that they wanted a guy to back up the art department. Fortunately though, the editor had gone back to the mainland for a month, so in addition to the airbrushing, the layout, the lettering, and the map-making I was doing, I drew a cartoon a day, even though it didn't appear in the paper. When the editor returned, I tossed a month's work in his lap with the comment, "Look, this is what you guys have missed in the paper." Apparently this convinced him to turn me loose as an editorial cartoonist so I continued there from January through September of 1962. At this point, the Scripps-Howard cartoonist, Harold Talburt, was about to retire, and I received a job offer to succeed him. Some of the PROfiles readers may think that it was a mistake to have moved my family out to Hawaii for such a short time but these are the risks you have to take in this business. You have to keep moving, and moving till you find just the right spot for *you.*

Q: What is your work week like?

A: Up until this year I had been doing 6 cartoons a week. But having to wrestle with that extra cartoon one day a week sometimes made me wish I hadn't even done one—I was thinking in terms of 2 instead of concentrating entirely on one very good idea. So I finally decided to do just 5 a week. I've already read some of the papers at home before I get down to the office about 10 in the morning. I see the N.Y. Times and the Wall Street Journal at the office and by noon generally have some idea of what I want to do that day.

Since I'm not working for a newspaper in Washington, I don't have the threatening deadline faced by the guy whose cartoon has to be finished by a certain time each day. However, this is really a drawback since your line is often more spontaneous and immediate when you have that deadline. My cartoons are sent out to the 15 newspapers of the Scripps-Howard chain and they're also distributed by the United Feature Syndicate.

Q: Do you submit a number of roughs to your editor?

A: No, I generally submit just one—I work the thing out till I know what I want. Of course there are times when the editor and I sort of play a little game. I may have a feeling that certain treatments of an idea won't go over with him. In these cases I might bring in more than one approach to the same idea—suspecting that he'll turn down the first one, and maybe even the second. But by then he'll probably feel sorry for me and my third rough will be O.K.d.

Q: Do you want to say just a word about materials?

A: I draw on a Grafix board which has a Ben Day pattern impregnated in the board itself. Then by applying the chemical developer with a brush, I can bring out the shading pattern wherever I want it. I use a 2H pencil, and ink with a No. 4, series 7, Winsor & Newton brush, using a pen just for accent purposes.

Q: Do your cartoons appear in all of the newspapers which Scripps-Howard owns?

A: No—although I'm the Chief Editorial Cartoonist for their newspapers, some of those in the chain also have their own cartoonist. Take the case in Memphis: Draper Hill is the cartoonist for The Commercial Appeal, but Scripps owns both papers in town so my cartoon appears in The Press-Scimitar. In Cleveland, Bill Roberts is the editorial cartoonist on The Press. And since Scripps has just one paper here, my cartoon appears just occasionally. ●

MAD

T-SHIRT PROfiles

We're all aware of the current rash of T-Shirts bearing a great variety of very personal statements. Fortunately, this fad prompted our friend, JERRY De FUCCIO, Associate Editor of MAD magazine, to ask each MAD artist if he would draw himself garbed in a T-shirt carrying a message of his choice. Ever cooperative, the gang produced the exclusive 'MAD T-Shirt PROfiles' feature which appears on the following pages. Jerry has also written the comments which accompany the cartoon of each artist.

JACK DAVIS . . .
Art Directors usually want Jack Davis with such urgency, they could use something comparable to a Batman beacon for summoning him. MAD's Nick Meglin explains their greed for speed, and Jack's ready compliance, in his perceptive Davis chapter in "The Art Of Humorous Illustration". "Deadlines are the motivating force, the pressure necessary to keep his work free and loose — the qualities for which it's most prized. The ability to turn out fine work in record time keeps his name at the top of "emergency" lists. Davis delivers what they want and more, then cuts out for the golf course." MAD's Editor Al Feldstein knows more about Davis's pressure penchant than anybody. He motivates Jack to appear in almost every issue of MAD!

1

PAUL COKER JR. . . .
Robert E. Lee in beard and visage, dignity at the drawing board, and deep family roots in Lawrence, Kansas. MAD readers have a vague suspicion that his is the style they recognize on innumerable Hallmark Greeting Cards. And in cook books, golf books, phono equipment books, and just plain books. Paul created the definitive characters for Frosty The Snowman and other animated specials. Paul doesn't tell us anything! He's too busy and too conscientious about his work.

2

PAUL PETER PORGES . . .
Vienna born, often taken for the Danish comedy-in-music pianist. Old World charm and demeanor contrasted by an inordinate enthusiasm for American big bands. His MAD work is usually some satirical slap at the obnoxious, audacious, and uncouth.

3

GEORGE WOODBRIDGE . . .
George joined MAD just two issues after Alfred E. Neuman became cover boy. Both minor historical events. But if George was ever in his Old Glory, it's during this year of Bicentennial beatification. Already, he's devoted much of his life to reconstructing and defining American military uniforms, in dazzling plates, some in collaboration with Colonel Todd, former Director of the West Point Museum. George is also an active member of the Brigade of the American Revolution which reenacts soldier life of that period. Major Woodbridge in hard leather cap, horsehair stock, epaulets and sword belt, commemorating the attack on Quebec in 1775, is unlike his MAD characterizations. His MAD panels are truly the up and down escalators of the Average Citizens and their everyday burdens.

4

MORT DRUCKER . . .
The best caricaturists in France, Italy and Holland (where they don't fool around) have proclaimed Mort "the best caricaturist in the world." In his discerning exaggerations, Mort also imparts an unprecedented sensitivity to distinguishing features. His amplifications are never top-heavy. When he does a full figure of Paul Newman, it's Newman from Hud to foot; with nuances in his kneecaps. No spindly, stockpile bodies for Mort. The moment of truth is when Mort delivers a finished job. Everyone at MAD convenes in Al Feldstein's room for the unveiling. The work is always better than anticipated. And Mortie is usually crowded out by the surging viewers. He'll retreat a bit and say very genuinely, "I think I should have handled that page differently . . ."

5

AL JAFFEE . . .
Many MAD readers learned stinging retorts to Stupid Questions ("Are you asleep?") at the knee jerk of Jaffee. In addition to his all-purpose Snappy Answers, Jaf created the Fold-In. We won't endeavor to explain it to you. It's all in the eye of the folder. Jaffee is also revered for his convincing devices (?) to combat burglars, pesky smokers, and that omnipresent pavement pollution that gives a lot of nice Airedales a bad name.

6

DON MARTIN . . .
Mango grower Monarch of Miami. Don has glorified the novelty shop squirting flower, brightened up the faces on Mount Rushmore, devised a random lexicon of Martinesque sound effects, and conceived endless variations on the frog-to-Prince transformation. And they live funnily ever after.

1

DOWN With
T-SHIRT GRAFFITI
R. COKER, JR.

2

VICTOR BORGE
IS TALLER!
BORGES

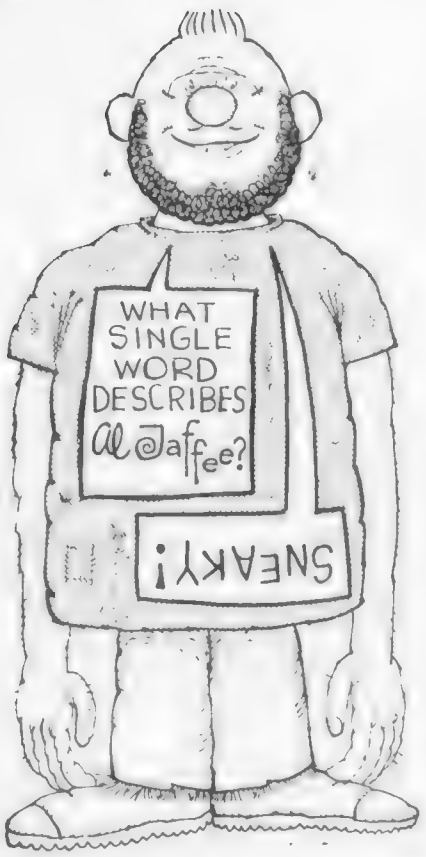
3

THE
U.S.ARMY
BUILDS
MEN
WOODBRIDGE

4

DRY CLEAN
TRUDEAU
TRUCKER

5


WHAT
SINGLE
WORD
DESCRIBES
Al Jaffee?
SNEAKY!

6

GA-
SHKLITZA!
P. MARTIN...

7

NICK MEGLIN . . .
Deputy Mayor of Mad, coach and first baseman of the MAD Softball Team, programmer of Opera music piped through the office on slow days, compiler of illustration books for Watson-Guptill, author of "Superfan" and "Superfan . . . Again!" At MAD, Nick signals discoveries of new writing talent, develops new formats, counsels artists, and edits three or four original MAD paperbacks simultaneously. Nick looks out for everyone . . . to the point of advising what's "good for you" on the luncheon menu.

8

SERGIO ARAGONES . . .
The warming sun that never sets on friends and admirers. If there is something creative Sergio hasn't attempted, the world waits in anticipation of his getting around to it. Honored by the National Cartoonists Society, heralded in Nick Meglin's splendid "The Art Of Humorous Illustration", Sergio and wife Lilio are *Jerome Kern's "the folks that live on the hill". The best of all possible worlds; the best of all possible human beings.*

9

DAVE BERG . . .
Our MADman bringing his "Lighter Side . . . " feature inquiries to back door and front porch, ascertaining what makes people tick and sick. Berg's perceptive "truth humor" touches the kindred reflex of the reader who had that very same thing happen to him or her at the supermarket or the gas station, "just last week!"

10

BOB CLARKE . . .
The disclaimer on his shirt chides the "Kiss me! I'm . . . (pick your nationality)" ethnic line. Bob is closer to Japanese, his favorite culture and food. Veteran speedballer and ace of the MAD bullpen, Bob goes back to issue #30 . . . 1956!

11

NORMAN MINGO . . .
Respected dean of MAD artists who gave Alfred E. Neuman face value. A universal countenance, judging from all the photos of Alfred E. "look-alikes" that come to us regularly. Norman is celebrating the Bicentennial by creating a blend of George Washington and Neuman. A Mingo finish on Gilbert Stuart's 1795 unfinished portrait.

12

ANGELO TORRES . . .
Associate Editor Nick Meglin brought Angelo to MAD, as an artist who has "the ingredients". Ang has a patient tolerance for sitcoms, sitcops and sitdocs. All his television surveillance insures complementing art for a devastating Stan Hart script of "Chico And The Man", or an equally natural alliance with writer Lou Silverstone on "Columbo" and "Six Million Dollar Man". When MAD does a "double feature" in the same issue, Ang gets to do a movie such as his "Earthquake" or "Rollerball" latest. Torres gives Meglin worthy competition on the tennis court and backs him up in the outfield in softball.

JACK RICKARD . . .
Smiling Jack came to MAD by way of the Rochester Institute of Technology, crammed full of Fine Arts training. His chirpy-perky style is readily recognized in his incomparable drawings of gals. They are a compelling admixture of the White Rock lady, Tinkerbell and Ann-Margaret. Jack does many movie posters and is the favorite of Peter Sellers and Sidney Poitier. Witness his "Pink Panther" and "Uptown Saturday Night" sheets. Jack's unctuous pouter pigeon politicians are in his new paperback with MAD writer Lou Silverstone, "Politically MAD".

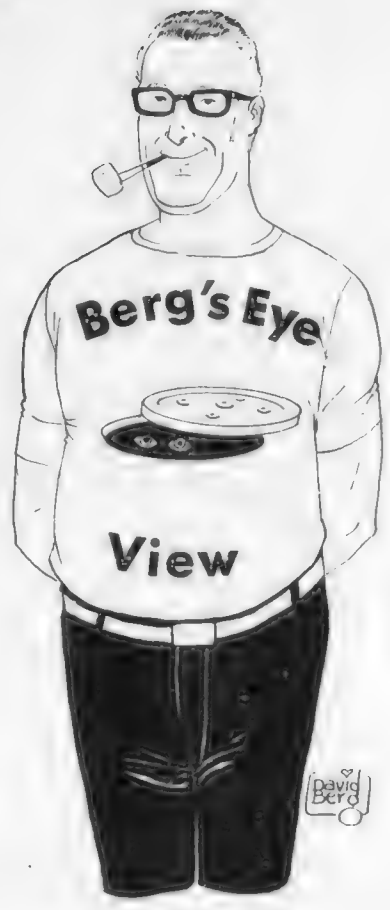
7

BORES
nick meglin

8

READ
"VIVA MAD"
"MAD ABOUT MAD"
"MAD-LY YOURS!
"IN MAD WE TRUST"
"MAD AS THE DEVIL"
MAD MARGINALS"
BY
SERGIO ARAGONÉS

9


Berg's Eye
View
David Berg

10

KISS ME,
I'M NOTHING
Clark

11

VE-R-RY
INTERESTING
Norman Mingo

12

THE JOY
OF A
SWEATY
T-SHIRT

Two of the more likeable MADmen, in T-Shirts!

Blosser

Note from Jud Hurd: I recall with a great deal of pleasure the many talk-sessions I had with my longtime friend, Merrill Blosser, *during the period when I worked for one of the animation studios in Hollywood. Blosser's* Freckles and His Friends, *which he began for the Newspaper Enterprise Association in 1915, was of course one of the pioneer strips, and lasted more than 57 years! Merrill has been retired for the past 10 years and is enjoying life with his wife, Peggy, in Pasadena, California. Recently I asked him to reminisce a bit about his long comics career. And since "Freckles" was a strip in which the characters grew up with the passage of time, we thought our readers would also enjoy seeing key strips which appeared as the years went by. Most of them appeared in the 30th Anniversary Freckles book which was issued by NEA in 1945. The more recent ones, with accompanying captions, were sent us by Tom Peoples, the Director of Comic Art for NEA. We appreciate his efforts in retrieving these strips from the files. Tom adds a note saying that cartoonist Henry Formhals, and writer Fred Fox, who continued "Freckles" after Blosser's retirement, are hale and hearty and living in the Los Angeles area. We salute Merrill as one of the "greats" in our profession!*

Drawing by Blosser

Photo by David Folkman

by Merrill Blosser

I was born in Nappanee, Indiana. Attended high school there. Enrolled in the Landon School of Cartooning. During two high school vacations I attended the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago. Billy DeBeck was there with me. He was selling single gag panels to the Chicago Daily News...which inspired me. Then I attended Blue Ridge College in Maryland for one year (school is long gone now). While there I sold a cartoon to the Baltimore American. That did it! I was going to get into the business. C.N. Landon arranged for me to accept an art department job on "Iron Trade Review" in Cleveland at $60 a month. I was there about a year when I heard that there was an opening on the Wheeling, W.Va., Register for a cartoonist. I got the job doing one cartoon a day...in chalk plate yet. That's where you have a metal plate covered with a thin coat of baked chalk (which I had to bake myself). Then you had gravers of different thickness which you scratched thru the chalk to the metal, blowing out the dust with each scratch. When it was finished I would take it to the stereo dept. where it was cast and ready for the press. Cy Hungerford held the job before I arrived but he had taken a much better job on the Pittsburgh Sun where he made a great success.

After about a year on the Register I accepted a job on the Cleveland Plain Dealer doing lay-outs and sport cartoons. I was there for a year when I got the urge to go west so I took off to Chicago. There I went in to call on Frank King who was doing "Bobby Make-Believe" for the Tribune, long before he created "Gasoline Alley." We were chatting when in walked Lynn Metcalf who was a former Sunday editor on the Tribune and who knew Frank. Mercalf was now the Comic editor at NEA which was located in Chicago at that time. Metcalf wanted Frank to come over to NEA but Frank said that he was all signed up with the Trib, but here was a young man who might accept, as he introduced me to Metcalf. Here was the LUCKIEST phase of my whole life. I was hired. Doing little odds and ends in the art line. One day I was asked if I'd like to try doing a kid strip. I worked like a dog at nights getting up a number of strips which I called "Freckles." To date there were only the following comics in syndication: "Katzenjammer Kids" (Captain and the Kids), "Little Jimmy," "Hairbreadth Harry," Toonerville Folks," "Slim Jim," "Mutt and Jeff," "Bringing up Father," "Polly and Her Pals," "S'matter Pop," "Krazy Kat," "Abie the Agent," "Pa's Son-In-Law." So you see, while there was some competition it was nothing like it is today. I consider it a great break for me, just a greenhorn in the business.

At that time NEA was just starting a comic page. The only other strip they had was "Doings of the Duffs" by Walter Allman. Bob Satterfield was the cartoonist. Then in September of that year (1915) NEA moved to Cleveland, lock stock and barrel. While in Cleveland I helped with doing some cartoons along with Satterfield. Then on Sept. 20 the first Freckles strip went into the service. If I remember correctly NEA had only around 30 clients at that time. Gene Ahern was with us at that time, he came along from Chicago. He came up with a comic called "Otto's Auto." Before too long J.R. Williams, Roy Crane, Chic Young, Abe Martin and Bill Holman joined the staff. A number of years later all but Jim and Abe pulled up stakes for greener pastures.

In 1926 Gene Ahern and I moved to California. Several years after Gene left for King Features.

In the winter of 1925 I spent 3 months in Los Angeles where I took Freckles and Tagalong to meet the movie stars of Hollywood. In my strip I had them meet Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Ben Turpin, Jackie Coogan, The Our Gang Kids, etc., etc. This was as much fun for me as it was for Freckles and Tagalong.

I kept a strict schedule of starting at 8 in the morning and finishing around noon with the strip. The Sunday took about two days to do. A daily deadline of 5 weeks and a Sunday page deadline of 12 weeks kept me busy most of the time. Ideas came by thinking and listening. Every now and then I'd start little contests whereby readers could enter and the client newspapers would sometimes offer prizes. For instance, naming Freckles' little brother. The final prize winning name was "Tagalong." Then sometime later I would have a box for the last panel in the strip where I would have little puzzles for the reader to ponder over. The one I remember in particular was this one, "How to Tell a Person's Age." Here it is:

Let the person put down the number of the month in which he or she was born and proceed as follows: let's say his or her age was 15 and they were born in August...

Number of month (8)
Multiply by 2 (16)
Add 5 (21)
Multiply by 50 (1050)
Then add his age, 15 (1065)
Then subtract 365, leaving (700)
Then add 115 (815)

He then announces the result, 815, whereupon he may be informed that his age is 15 and August, or the eighth month, is the month of his or her birth.

This little gimmick went over big. Then I would go along with daily routine, humor and little gags for perhaps weeks at a time. Later I came up with an idea which I called "Twirp Season – 'The Woman is Requested to Pay'." This would run for a week each year at the same time, similar to Al Capp's Sadie Hawkins week. In my stunt the girls dated the boys and paid all bills. Lots of fun and the reaction was terrific.

Later on I came up with "Jabberwacky"...the kids spoke Jabberwacky like: Let's Merge This Dirge (Let's dance this waltz), Meeow Session (Girl's party), I gotta creep up on a dream (I've got to go to bed), A Brunet Fever, Strictly 104 (An exciting dark-haired girl), A Mona Lizard (An unattractive girl). On and on it went. In fact kids would send in terrific catch-phrases as the fad caught on and spread throughout the country. In fact the Pittsburgh Press went me one better by starting a Jabberwacky Contest in which 10 crisp bills would be awarded each day for the best sent in.

My hobbies were collecting stamps and coins, lithographs and paintings. Now I travel a bit, walk a lot and swim. I've been retired 10 years and love it.

Around 1932 I used strictly a high school background introducing the School Principal, teachers and custodian Mr. Stumple. I had football, school dances, etc. Along about this time I introduced The Crumpet Hut with Mr. Livermore the owner. This was the favorite hang-out for all the kids.

My advice to anyone who is interested in getting into cartoons or comics was to start copying their favorite comic characters – anything at all. Keep copying them to improve your talent. As you improve then try something of your own creation and you might be surprised what you can do. Then to help you along I'd suggest that you enroll in a good correspondence course. There are several excellent schools who teach drawing from the bottom up. They are not too expensive and you will be surprised what they can do for you.

I did all my own work in the dailies and Sundays for 18 years and in 1933 I decided that I had to have some help to ease the burden so I took on an artist and a fellow who could help with ideas. Henry Formhals was the artist who stayed with me until I retired in 1965. Henry carried on until the final Freckles which was January 15, 1973. Freckles lasted more than 57 years.

C'MON KIDS, WE GOT TO KETCH SOME FISH TO-DAY!
OH, FRECKLES. HERE COMES TH' MINISTER!
I AM SURPRISED TO SEE YOU FISHING HERE FRECKLES!
WHY? D'YA KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE THEY BITE BETTER?
POP
BLOSSER

Sept. 20, 1915 — The birth of a great comic. Here is the very first Freckles strip and, believe it or not, that's Freckles with the checked cap. Did you say he looked more like Mortimer Snerd than the Freckles of today? That's Tagalong with the balloon and the little girl is Elsie. More about her later.

YOU GO IN AN' ASK TH' FELLER WHAT DRAWS US. IF HE'S FOUND A NAME FER YOU YET — AN' WE'LL WAIT HERE —
ART DEPT.
ART DEPT.
THAY, MITHTER, HAVE YA GOT A NAME PICKED FER ME YET?
THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY!
THANKS!
Tagalong

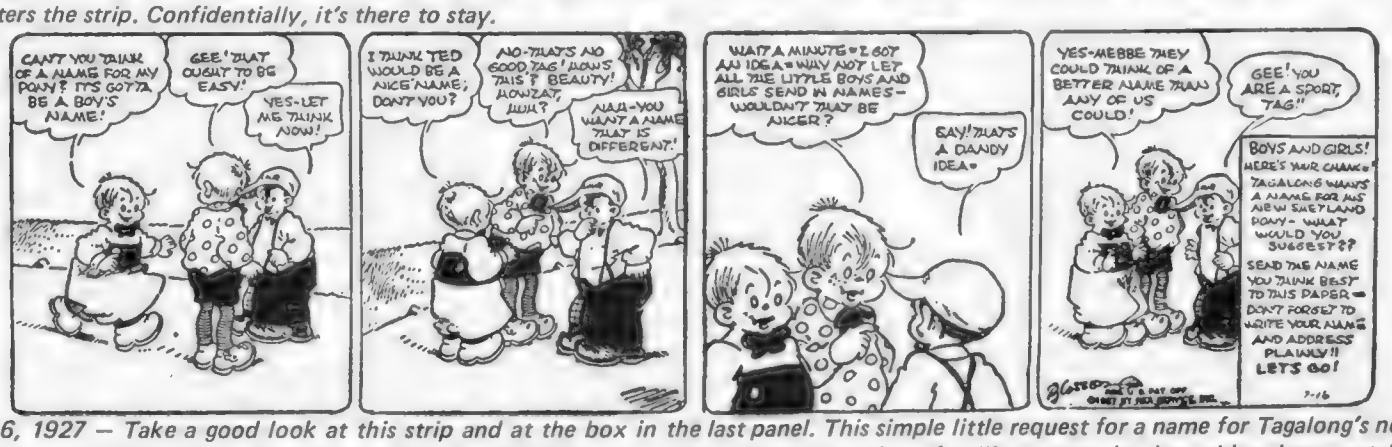
Oct. 29, 1915 — Here's the strip in which Freck's little brother got his name. Now everybody knows Tagalong. But we'll bet you never knew Freckles had a sister at one time. You guessed it — little Elsie. But she made only a few appearances and then Blosser heartlessly dropped her.

ACH, IFF I HADT MY ARMY HERE, YET!!
BUT YOU AIN'T GOT YER ARMY HERE — COME ON OLD LONG NOSE, I HAFTA SHOOT YOU!
GOOD-BYE, KAISER! R-READY- AIM —
BOOM
FIRE!
WHAT DID YOU SAY 'FIRE' FOR?? WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT??

Nov. 8, 1917 — Not many comic strips have lived through two world wars. Back in 1917, Freckles was polishing off Kaiser Wilhelm in his dreams. During the Second World War he did more than his bit on the home front and former Treasury Secretary Morgenthau personally cited Blosser for his strip's contribution to War Bond sales.

MOM, WHERE'S MY COMB AN' BRUSH?
RIGHT THERE IN THE LEFT HAND DRAWER.
MOM, WHERE'S MY CAP? AN' GET MY SCHOOL BOOKS FOR ME — I GOTTA HURRY T' SCHOOL — GEE, I MIGHT BE LATE.
? ? ?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT BOY? YESTERDAY HE GROWLED BECAUSE SCHOOL BEGAN AND NOW —
JUST LEAVE HIM ALONE — WE SHOULD BE GLAD THAT HE TAKES AN INTEREST IN SCHOOL
G'BYE
WAIT A MINUTE GIRLS AN' I'LL CARRY YER BOOKS!

Sept. 6, 1922 — Sooner or later every boy goes through it. For the first time in his life young Freckles is aware of girls. In other words, sex at last enters the strip. Confidentially, it's there to stay.


CAN'T YOU THINK OF A NAME FOR MY PONY? IT'S GOTTA BE A BOY'S NAME!
GEE, THAT OUGHT TO BE EASY!
YES — LET ME THINK NOW!
I THINK TED WOULD BE A NICE NAME; DON'T YOU?
AW — THAT'S NO GOOD, TAG! HOW'S THIS? BEAUTY! HOWZAT, HUH?
NAH — YOU WANT A NAME THAT IS DIFFERENT!
WAIT A MINUTE — I GOT AN IDEA — WHY NOT LET ALL THE LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS SEND IN NAMES — WOULDN'T THAT BE NICER?
SAY! THAT'S A DANDY IDEA —
YES — MEBBE THEY COULD THINK OF A BETTER NAME THAN ANY OF US COULD!
GEE! YOU ARE A SPORT, TAG"
BOYS AND GIRLS! HERE'S YUR CHANCE — TAGALONG WANTS A NAME FOR HIS NEW SHETLAND PONY — WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?? SEND THE NAME YOU THINK BEST TO THIS PAPER — DON'T FORGET TO WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY!! LETS GO!

July 16, 1927 — Take a good look at this strip and at the box in the last panel. This simple little request for a name for Tagalong's new pony brought — and this is not a typographical error — 24,000 letters! Here's a demonstration of pulling power that has seldom been matched. The winning name: Lindy.

AND BESIDES ALL THOSE THINGS I GOT THIS TIE FROM BETTY— ISN'T IT A DANDY?
YES-YOU WOULDN'T KNOW I HAD ANY ROLLER SKATES ON THEY WORK SO EASY!
NOW I S'POSE WE GOTTA LISTEN TO WHAT ALL OSCAR SAYS HE GOT FOR CHRISTMAS!
I WON'T BELIEVE HIM AFTER HOW HE KID-DED US WITH THAT ARABIA BUSINESS!
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT LITTLE GALEN BOOMERSHINE NEXT DOOR TO US GOT FOR CHRISTMAS AN' HE CAN'T TAKE 'EM BACK EITHER!
WHY CAN'T HE TAKE 'EM BACK?
BECAUSE THEY'RE TH' MEASLES !!!

Dec. 25, 1928 — Another milestone in the life of Freckles McGoosey. He is showing signs of growing up, for he has discarded the short, tight pants which were almost a trademark with him, in favor of more mature knickers. Even Tag has emerged from his old-fashioned little skirt into pants. Life is on the move.

HAVE A LOOK! BOY!! THEY FEEL SWELL!
OH-BUT LOOK AT MINE!
WELL, WELL. NICE, NEW CLOTHES MAKE YOU LOOK GREAT, BOYS
NO KIDDIN', POP.... DO THEY REALLY? GEE!
WAIT'LL I GIVE THE GANG A LOOK...THERE TH' FELLAS ARE NOW.. HOT DOG!!
HELLO KIDS!

July 25, 1932 — The growing-up process continues. Now it's long pants at last and Freckles, like Monte Cristo, probably thinks that the world is his'n. Some comic characters remain the same age forever; a few grow 24 hours older each day. In the 30 years of his comic strip life Freck has aged about 11 or 12 years and is now 17.

COACH ROOSE HAS CALLED OFF THE PRACTICE FOR TO-DAY... AND HE SAID I COULD WEAR MY UNIFORM HOME!! HOT DOG!
HEY' WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? YOU'RE LATE FOR SUPPER.. I'VE BEEN LOOKIN ALL OVER FOR YOU--OH OH! GOT A FOOTBALL SUIT ON!!
YEAH.. HOW DO I LOOK IN IT TAG ?
SWELLLL!! WHERE DID YOU GET IT? YOU'RE GONNA GET TH DICKENS FOR BEING LATE FOR SUPPER..
IT BELONGS TO THE SHADYSIDE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM!!
AN' I'M TRYING FOR THE TEAM—THEY'RE GOING TO PLAY DRINGLE IN A FEW DAYS—WON'T THE FOLKS BE TICKLED?
YEAH! HERE— LET ME CARRY YOUR CLOTHES !
FAMOUS FOOTBALL PLAYS
SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS PLAYS IN FOOTBALL WILL BE EXPLAINED IN THIS SPACE WHILE FRECKLES IS PLAYING WITH THE SHADYSIDE TEAM
NOTRE DAME SHIFT
BEFORE SHIFTING
AFTER SHIFTING
AT left is the late Knute Rockne's Notre Dame shift, which throws strength on one side of the line without weakening the other
The first sketch shows the line as orthodox position before the shift. As the signal for the shift is given, the players take up the positions shown in second sketch. The quarterback moves over to the side of the center; the ball on the side the play is to go moves over and flanks the end; the fullback moves over to such a position as to take a pass direct from center, and the other half stands directly behind center
With this shift the quarterback can either take a pass from center and relay it to the man making the play, which can be either an end run or an off-tackle thrust, or can signal for a direct pass to the intended runner.
COPR. 1938 BY NEA SERVICE

Oct. 21, 1932 — When Freckles entered high school, football began to play an important part in his life. For quite a few years there was an annual football continuity and for several of them a feature on the fine points of football was a twice-a-week addition to the strip. "Famous Football Plays" was the first of these.

MAY I HAVE A DATE WITH YOU TOMORROW AFTER SCHOOL, TONI ?
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, FRECKLES, BUT SIDNEY WICKLEY ASKED ME TO GO SKIING WITH HIM !
SIDNEY WICKLEY ? WHY, HE HAS A NERVE, ASKING YOU, WHEN I ... THAT IS ....
JEALOUS ?
NOT EXACTLY, BUT I KINDA HAVE IDEAS ABOUT YOU, AND I DON'T WANT ANY LITTLE SIDNEY WICKLEYS BREAKING IN!
LITTLE? WHY, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM. SIDNEY IS FROM OUT OF TOWN AND HE'S SIX FEET TALL
SIX FEET? HECK, MAYBE HE'S NOT SUCH A BAD GUY AFTER ALL !!

Jan. 5, 1937 — It was just about this time that girls began to play a big part in Freck's life. The historical importance of this strip is that it shows him asking for his first date. The girl, Toni, no longer is in the strip, but Freck's technique survived.

WELL, FANCY RUNNING INTO YOU AGAIN !!
I'M BECOMING MORE AND MORE CONVINCED ALL THE TIME, THAT A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME!
I THINK YOU SHOULD STAND AND APOLOGIZE FOR LETTING YOUR LEG RUN INTO MY FRONT WHEEL!
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL SORTA HAVE TO HELP ME UP! MY LEG IS HURT A LITTLE, I THINK!
I'M AWFULLY SORRY, FRECKLES.... REALLY! I'D BETTER RIDE YOU HOME ON THE HANDLEBARS!
IT'S WORTH A GOOD BUMPING, TO SEE YOU AGAIN..... JUNE!
GEE, IT'S NICE HAVING YOUR ARMS AROUND ME!
WELL, THEY WON'T BE, IF I TAKE MY HANDS OFF THE HANDLEBARS.. BUT, THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO BE A BACK-SEAT DRIVER!

Oct. 13, 1937 — Here is the incident in which Freckles McGoosey meets June Wayman — and after this, life is not exactly the same for either. June is Freck's Number One girl friend, and vice versa. June also is the first of the important new array of characters which have contributed so much to the strip in recent years.

YOU'RE NICE, AND ALL THAT, BUT I'VE GOT A GIRL!
OH, I DON'T MIND! A CRUMB OF AFFECTION HERE, AND A CRUMB THERE, IS ALL I ASK!
GOSH, LADY, WHY BOTHER WITH CRUMBS WHEN I'M HERE READY TO CUT YOU OFF A WHOLE SLICE! MY NAME'S "LARD" SMITH!
HOW ARE YOU FEELING OTHERWISE?
THERE IT GOES! A GUY LAYS HIS COAT IN A PUDDLE SO'S A LADY WON'T GET HER TOOTSIES WET, AND WHAT HAPPENS? SHE STEPS ON HIS NECK!
THIS ISN'T A MEETING OF THE LONELY HEARTS CLUB! WE'RE HERE TO PLAN THE PROM! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
OH, ALL RIGHT--- NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT I WAS THE GRAVEL IN THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY!

April 18, 1938 — Now we see others of the new characters beginning to assemble. Here is Sue Emerson, and the fat lad is Lard Smith. These new characters made a radical change in the strip and put the emphasis on adolescent youth — the jive-talking, jaloppy-driving high school crowd.

POOR FRECKLES HAS TO LEAD THE BAND WHILE HIS BEST GIRL DANCES WITH SOMEONE ELSE—
THE MUSIC IS DIVINE, FRECKLES!
THANKS, JUNE!
I THINK IT'S TERRIBLE! IT SOUNDS LIKE THREE CRICKETS AND A FROG!
NOBODY ASKED YOU TO COME HERE!
I CAME IN THE SPIRIT OF CHARITY!
SOME DAY YOU'RE GOING TO STAND TOO CLOSE TO AN INSECT SPRAY GUN!
PLEASE, BOYS--- STOP YOUR ARGUING!
BRING YOUR BAND OVER TO MY HOUSE, MS. GOOSEY, AND HELP US RID THE CELLAR OF MICE!
AND WHILE I'M MAKING SUGGESTIONS, WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE BOYS IN YOUR BAND TO PLAY THE BLACK MARKS — THE WHITE STUFF IS ONLY THE PAPER!!

Sept. 27, 1938 — Freck organizes his own orchestra and blossoms out as its leader. He pays the penalty of having to provide the music while his arch rival, Dud Wangle, dances with his best girl, June Wayman. You'll be glad to know, however, that Freck polished Dud off after the dance.

HI, DRIZZLE!
YOU AIN'T WOOFIN', JELLY! HOW'S TRICKS?
MY WORD! WHAT A FASCINATING LANGUAGE!
WHAT DID THAT MEAN, FRECKLES?
OH, HE CALLED ME A DRIZZLE BECAUSE I GO STEADY. I CALLED HIM JELLY BECAUSE HE RAIDS HIS GIRL FRIEND'S ICE BOX! HE'S JUST SOFT BALLAST!
I JUST HAD AN IDEA! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MEET A BRUNET FEVER--- A GIRL, I MEAN? SHE'S STRICTLY 10+!
A GIRL? I'M AFRAID I MIGHT NOT MEASURE UP!
HELLO, SUE--- I'M BRINGING OVER A FANCY BIRDIE! YEAH--- HE'S RIGHT OUT OF THE TOP DRAWER!
?

April 14, 1941 — Freckles and His Friends pioneered the "jive talk" that swept the country later on and which characterized several other comic strips and pages of the day. For a while Merrill Blosser featured a little department called "Jabberwacky," in which readers contributed linguistic gems of their own. This strip is a good sample of "jabberwacky."

I GUESS WE WERE MOON-SHOOTING WHEN WE FIGURED YOU'D PLAY OUR SONG, MR. JURGENS!
YEAH, WE SURE TOOK THE CORK UNDER!
LISTEN, BOYS, IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT "HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON?" I THINK IT'S TERRIFIC!
AND YOU'RE REALLY GONNA PLAY IT?
YOU'RE NOT HONEYBUZZING US, ARE YOU?
I WOULDN'T KID YOU FOR THE WORLD - LISTEN!
OKAY, BOYS --- ONE --- TWO ---
THE GREAT AMBITION OF FRECK AND LARD IS REALIZED AT LAST .... THEIR SONG IS ACTUALLY BEING PLAYED AND BROADCAST, BY A NAME ORCHESTRA!

June 16, 1941 — Lard and Freckles wrote a song. It was a hit and a name band played it on the air. And to show you how dreams come true, here's what happened: Merrill Blosser actually had a song written, "How Long Has This Been Going On?" It was published, and Dick Jurgens, a "Name Band" leader, played it on the air for nearly two weeks over a national hookup.

WHIP ME UP ANOTHER FROZEN COW, DICK!
LOOK, PAL-- IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE, WE'LL HAVE TO ROLL YOU HOME!
WHO CARES! I WANNA CHASE THE PANGS!
HE'S SO LOW, HE'D HAVE TO MAKE A BALLOON ASCENSION TO KISS A FISH!
HI, BIG DYNAMO, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!
I SAW HIM FIRST!
HOT DOG 10!
OKAY, GALS --- DIVIDE AND CONQUER!
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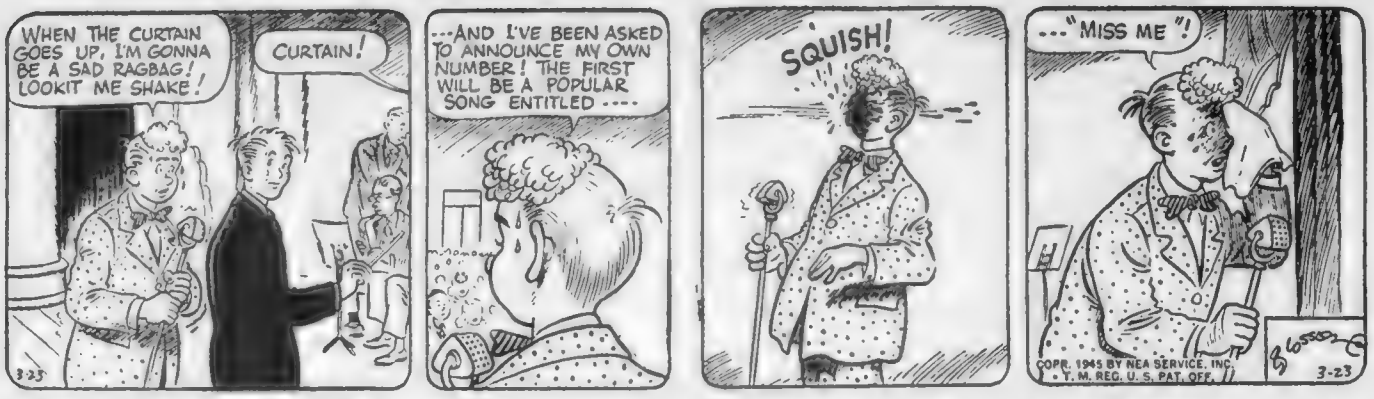
March 17, 1945 — Freckles is still the leading man, but the fat parts now all fall to good-natured, fat Lard Smith. "Lard," said Merrill Blosser, "is now my best character." This is from the beginning of a continuity in which Lard accidentally found that when he sang over a microphone, the gals melted.


WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP, I'M GONNA BE A SAD RAGBAG! LOOKIT ME SHAKE!
CURTAIN!
---AND I'VE BEEN ASKED TO ANNOUNCE MY OWN NUMBER! THE FIRST WILL BE A POPULAR SONG ENTITLED ----
SQUISH!
---"MISS ME"!
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3-23

March 23, 1945 — Although he went over big with the ladies, Lard found a less sympathetic audience among the males. Another who was not impressed with the fact that his voice aroused the maternal instinct in the other sex was his own girl friend, Hilda Grubble. Ever a practical soul, Hilda found a way here of getting even.

YOUR LATIN SITUATION IS CRITICAL, LARD! WHY HAVE YOU NEGLECTED IT SO?
I GUESS I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY "SENDING THE GALS" WITH MY CROONING, MISS TALBOT!
SENDING THE GIRLS WHERE?
THAT'S JUST JIVE TALK FOR TAKING THEM OUT OF THIS WORLD! WANNA HEAR A SAMPLE?
YOU MEAN HERE?
WHY, CERT! SHALL I SWING IT TO YOU SWEET AND LOW, OR GIVE YOU A BEAT-UP BOOGEY?
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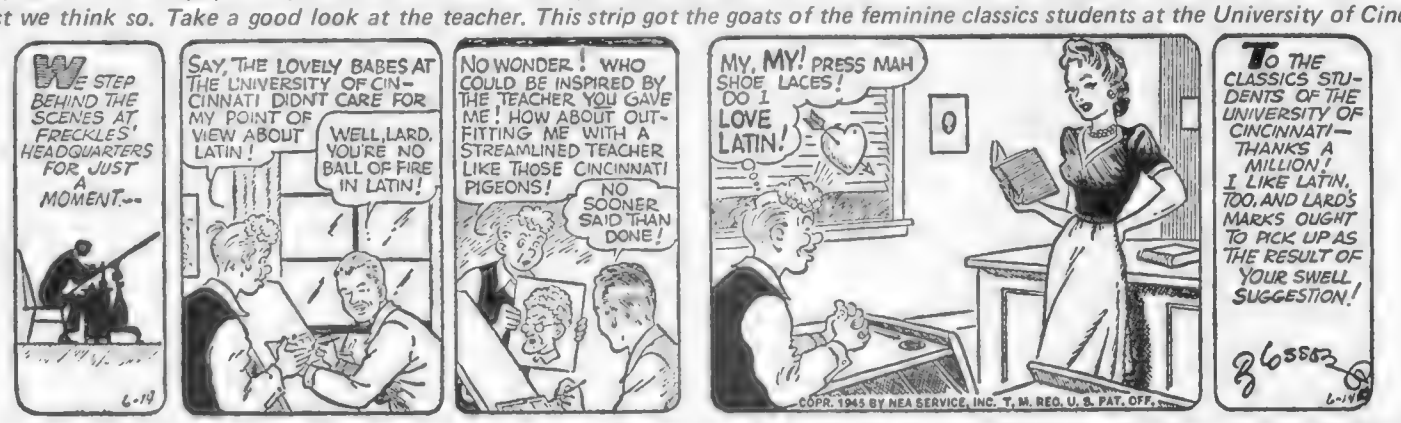
4-2

April 2, 1945 — Lard's popularity on the radio did not help his Latin any. In an interview with his Latin teacher Lard makes everything clear. At least we think so. Take a good look at the teacher. This strip got the goats of the feminine classics students at the University of Cincinnati.


WE STEP BEHIND THE SCENES AT FRECKLES' HEADQUARTERS FOR JUST A MOMENT---
SAY, THE LOVELY BABES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI DIDN'T CARE FOR MY POINT OF VIEW ABOUT LATIN!
WELL, LARD, YOU'RE NO BALL OF FIRE IN LATIN!
NO WONDER! WHO COULD BE INSPIRED BY THE TEACHER YOU GAVE ME! HOW ABOUT OUTFITTING ME WITH A STREAMLINED TEACHER LIKE THOSE CINCINNATI PIGEONS!
NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!
MY, MY! PRESS MAH SHOE LACES! DO I LOVE LATIN!
COPR. 1945 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TO THE CLASSICS STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI— THANKS A MILLION! I LIKE LATIN, TOO, AND LARD'S MARKS OUGHT TO PICK UP AS THE RESULT OF YOUR SWELL SUGGESTION!
6-14

June 14, 1945 — The aftermath of the Latin teacher episode. Blosser heard from the University of Cincinnati co-eds and saw their point of view. After all, there's no reason why a Latin teacher can't be good-looking as well as smart. This strip was written up in Newsweek.

HI, FUZZBUTTONS! WHAT'S THE WORD?
GLOOM PREVAILS! THE SCHOOL BELL RINGETH, AND I GIVE HEED SADLY!
SAME OLD BOOKS--- SAME OLD HOURS--- SAME OLD CONFINEMENT!
LIFE IS A BARREL OF WOEFUL WOE! -WE'RE FACED WITH NINE MORE MONTHS OF BOOK-BEATING IN THIS BRAIN BOX!
BUT THE TIME WILL PASS QUICKLY!
COPR. 1945 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
9-4

Sept. 4, 1945 — Vacation is over and life gets pretty grim — but not for long. Lard and Freck discover that something new has been added to the Shadyside High School campus. And at the same time a new bit of pep has been injected into the strip. The young lady's name is Yoohoo.

WE DON'T WANT OUR INITIATION TO BE A GRAVY TRAIN ····LET'S MAKE IT TOUGH!
MURDER, SHE SAYS!
THE LOCUSTS HAVE SWARMED AND DESCENDED UPON US!
FIRST WE'LL GET SOME TAR AND COOK IT SOFT AND GOOEY!
ROGER! THEN WE'LL GARNISH IT LIGHTLY WITH FEATHERS!
SORRY, POP.... WE MUST MAINTAIN MILITARY SECRECY!
ZIP YOUR LIP... IT'S THE UNDERGROUND!
COPR. 1945 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
9-15

Sept. 15, 1945 — Yoohoo is an organizer. She organizes the SKITT Club (SKITT standing for the Shadyside Kids in Their Teens), and when you organize a new club, why, you have to plan activities for it, and in itiations, of course. Here the younger generation has taken over and Pop McGoosey gets the brush-off.

I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE GOT IN HERE, MR. McGOOSEY! SHE WAS HERE WHEN I ARRIVED!
YOUNG LADY, WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
SH-H-H!---ZIP YOUR LIP---- YOU'RE SCARING THE FISH!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS! THERE ARE NO FISH IN THAT BUCKET!
I KNOW-BUT THERE ARE FISH EGGS IN THIS TUB!
AND I'VE GOT TO SIT ON THEM UNTIL THEY HATCH!
COPR. 1945 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Sept. 20, 1945 -- The 30th anniversary strip. The scene is Pop McGoosey's office. The young lady in the bathing suit and the tall hat is none other than Yoohoo, the little atomic bomb. Why is she fishing in the pail? Oh, that! Why, she's just being initiated. Now go back to the first strip of Sept. 20, 1915, and compare. Freckles and His Friends has come a long way, hasn't it?

CHEER UP! AS SHAKESPEARE ASSURES US "MEN HAVE DIED FROM TIME TO TIME, AND WORMS HAVE EATEN THEM--
...BUT NOT FOR LOVE!"
OKAY, I ADMIT IT! I FELL FOR SHEILA AND SHE PLAYED ME FOR A CHUMP!
BUT NEVER AGAIN! I'M CURED!
HELLO, FRECKLES, DID I HEAR YOU MENTION MY NAME?
GULP
CURES FOR LOVE, I FEAR, ARE ABOUT AS RELIABLE AS THOSE FOR THE COMMON COLD!
COPR. 1950 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

July13 , 1950 -- Sheila the "cobra woman" comes to town, her path crossing those of June and Hilda, Lard's girl, at the railroad station. Sheila, Freckles, Lard and the girls blend into a summer of fun-filled adventure. My, my -- that Sheila -- Freckles and His Friends are really growing up!

MAN, OH, MAN, THIS BEACH COMBER GOOFING IS REAL FINE LIVING!
YEAH, REALLY! LET IT ALL FLOW!!
WHAT TIME IS IT, FRECKLES?
HAVEN'T MY WATCH-- BUT WHO CARES?
HEY, HEY! THAT REMINDS ME!
I HAD TWO WATCHES WHICH I STARTED AT THE SAME TIME. ONE WATCH GAINED 1 MINUTE AN HOUR, WHILE THE OTHER LOST 2 MINUTES AN HOUR. NEXT MORNING WHEN I LOOKED AT MY WATCHES, IT WAS 7 O'CLOCK BY ONE AND 6 O'CLOCK BY THE OTHER. WHAT TIME DID I START THE WATCHES RUNNING?
TAKE TIME OUT AND DIG THIS ONE! ANSWER TOMORROW!

July 27, 1955 -- All the young folk of Shadyside High were on vacation in July of '55 -- but Merrill Blosser put his characters -- and his readers to work on a series of conundrums of various kinds. Homework was being done all across the nation that summer. (Give up? Watches were set at 10:40 A.M.)

THE DOLLS MUST BE HIDIN' OUT SOME PLACE! I FIGURE THEY'RE AVOIDING US 'CAUSE IT'S TWIRP* SEASON!
I PROPOSE WE TAKE MEASURES TO FIND THEM!
*THE WOMAN IS REQUESTED TO PAY
MY WORD! I'D BETTER WARN THE GIRLS IN MY STOREROOM!
KEEP YOUR VOICES DOWN, PLEASE...
...HERE COMES A SPY!

Oct. 10, 1960 -- In 1960, the young folk who peopled the world of Freckles and His Friends again observed "Twirp" season -- a fall event in which The Woman Is Requested To Pay was the "buy" word for several seasons. As always, the Jeeves-like Livermore presided over the goodies at Freckles' favorite after-school spot, The Crumpet Hut.

Feb. 7, 1966 -- Fifty-one years of bringing Freckles out of the ink bottle and onto paper ended for Merrill Blosser on Jan. 31, 1965, when he laid down his pen and Henry Formhals took over. Fred Fox was to be his silent partner in preparing scripts. However, art work in the pipeline at NEA continued to carry Blosser's signature through Feb. 12, 1966, as shown here. Formhals began signing his art work in April, 1966.

OKAY, OKAY! I WARNED YOU THAT IF YOU EVER TWO-TIMED ME IT WOULD END EVERYTHING BETWEEN US! NOW HEAR THIS!
FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO PRETEND I DON'T KNOW YOU... I'LL NEVER EVEN MET YOU!
SO EAT YOUR HEART OUT, STRANGER!

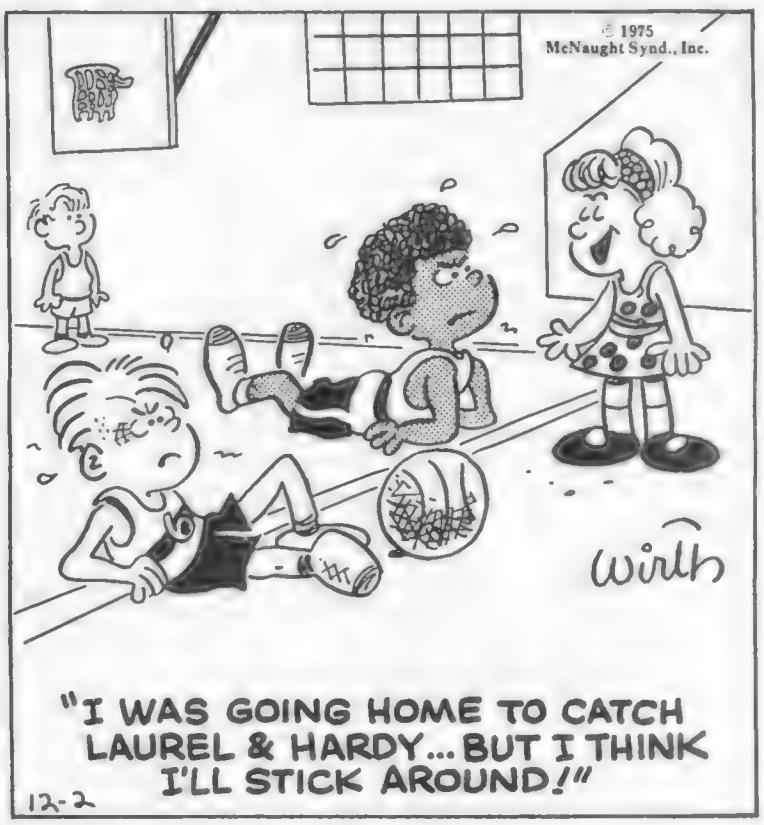
Aug. 28, 1971 -- Honeybee Birdwhistle, the little Indian girl who complicated Freckles' days in the closing months of the strip, swam out of his life on Aug. 28, 1971 -- and Freckles and His Friends disappeared from the mainstream of American comics as of that date. A 56-year-old "boy" moved to the land of memory, together with all his chums. Freckles and His Friends will live in nostalgia as long as there are comics fans to mourn the passing of a great strip.

LI'L SPORTS

by Cliff Wirth

LI'L SPORTS

CLIFF WIRTH



We asked CLIFF WIRTH, who does the popular new panel 'Li'l Sports' for the McNaught Syndicate, to talk about himself and about his work, and here is the interesting result of that request. We're fortunate that his story came through to us so quickly since he was just poised to attend the Ohio State-Michigan football game when we talked with him on the phone last month.

Here's what Cliff Wirth has to say about himself:

Born in Pittsburgh Pa., spent early years (through high school) in Bayonne N.J. moved to Detroit in the forties. Attended ASTRP (Service-connected training program) at Michigan State University and followed with a stint of 3 years at Meizinger Comm. Art School. Sandwiched in between, was a tour of duty with the Air Sea Rescue branch (Air Corps) during WWII.

After receiving my Art School training, was hired by the Detroit Times and thus began a long association with newspapers and magazines that has continued to the present.

My cartoons have appeared in many leading magazines and trade journals including: Sat. Eve. Post, Ceco Publishing Co., Ford magazines, DAC News, NY Times Book Review, The Detroit News, The Detroiter, and many leading periodicals over the years.

Somewhere amongst all this, I managed to meet and marry a delightful Detroit girl, and together we managed to rear 7 sometimes happy, sometimes well-adjusted children. We became involved in most of their activities, and I, the frustrated athlete, was introduced to the fun and whimsy of Little League sports. Hockey was number one, but we touched on about everything that Spaulding makes equipment for.

Hobbies: Golf, and a joint venture with my wife of raising the best breed of dogs imaginable—The English Bulldog.

"Li'l Sports" happens to be fun to do. But then, I've had first hand experience with the subject. My kids saw to that. In consecutive order, Bob took Judo, Tim played hockey, Cathy did the hiking etc. in Girl Scouts, Patty was a swimmer & took ballet, Brian played football, Gary Skied & played Baseball and Bridgit was the horseback rider.

The fun sometimes came fast and furious. Luckily I managed to become involved in most of the sports (as a spectator) and along with my younger days of sports activity, I saw the humor in most situations.

Most of the gags come smoothly, but when I do reach too far my lovely wife wrinkles her nose which means "C'mon Cliff, get with it." Then it's back to the drawing board for a revamp.

My files on sports and their terms & popularity is adequate, and I manage to keep abreast of the current slang of the kids by attending as many actual games and events as I can squeeze in.

For gag purposes I keep posted on my studio wall a list of all current or newly coined words and phrases . . . adding and subtracting to the list as the words come in or go out of fashion.

Words like: Transcendental meditation, programmed, game plan, funky, etc. Phrases like: "Do your own thing", "On a scale of one to ten", or "Finger-licking good" act as a stimulant in producing some funny material.

Art wise, I use a stiff crowquill pen (having gone the complete circle . . . from pen to brush and back to pen) on Li'l Sports and try to hold the Ben Day tones to a minimum.

I prefer a 2 ply Strathmore for my finishes after settling on a rough. The roughs are done on some cheap newsprint and I project them onto the Strathmore with a board Lucyette.

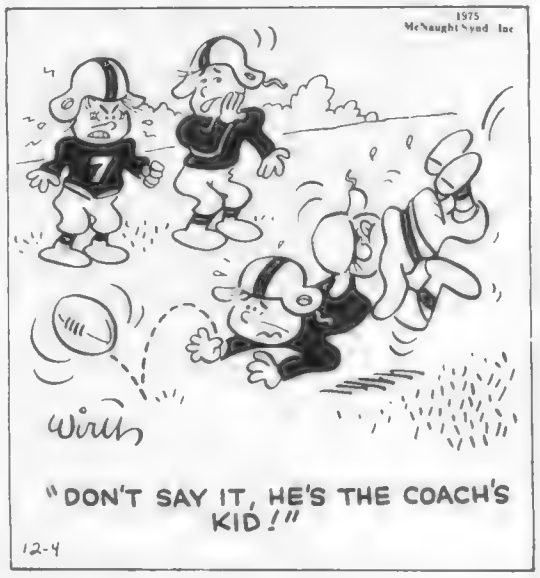
Cartooning can be, (correction *IS*) the greatest profession I can think of.

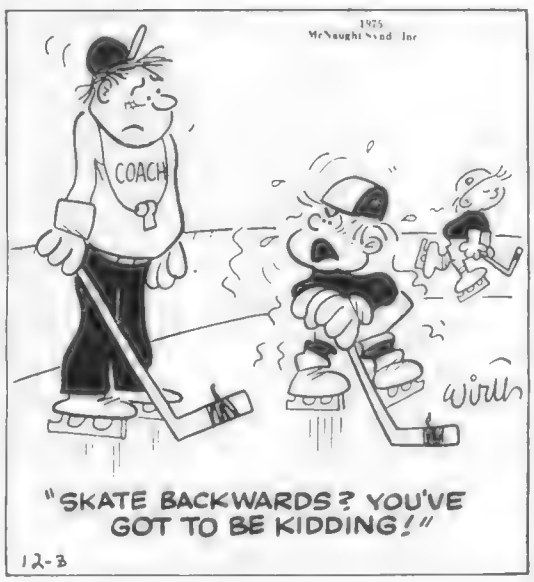
To the fledgling cartoonists, I have a sign on my studio wall which reads: Persistance, of all our attributes, is omnipotent.

After signing my contract with McNaught Syndicate, I genuflect in front of the sign every day. It's true.

Hang in there.

Cliff Wirth





SAID & DUNN

Famed King Features cartoonist, BOB "They'll Do It Every Time" DUNN.

The best caricaturist I ever knew was Henry Major, the Hungarian who covered national conventions and trials under special contract to King Features. He worked very fast and with hardly a look at what he was drawing, his eyes seeming to be riveted on the subject's face. I never saw him miss. He could do a beautiful girl, front face, in a minute and it'd be a perfect exaggerated likeness. I mention "beautiful" and "front face" because anyone who ever attempted a likeness knows that's the hard way.

When his work first appeared here in the Hearst Papers during the Democratic Convention, in Chicago, 1932, Major created a sensation. It was an honor to be limned by him.

Here let me insert a memory of my favorite political cartoon. It wasn't by Major. I think it was by Sykes. It points up what I said about beautiful people being hard to draw. The year was 1924. The Democratic National Convention was held in Madison Square Garden, New York. The contenders for the nomination were Al Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo of California who had an ample Roman nose, droopy eyes in a lean craggy face emerging from a higher collar than Hoover wore. The face was a cartoonist's dream.

The dark horse candidate was John W. Davis, a Wall St. lawyer, handsome, aloof, remote and so even-featured he was undistinguishable in a distinguished sort of way. Lo and behold the dark horse Davis won. The day after the nomination Sykes had a cartoon showing a back view of a cartoonist at his drawing board saying, "Why couldn't it have been McAdoo?"

Major next covered the Republican Convention. When that was over, he covered a few trials, sketched theatrical personages and then found out what all caricaturists learn the hard way. There are not enough celebrities to draw as a steady newspaper feature. So he painted. And he was good. His duplex studio near 57th and Broadway he shared with his wife, a voice coach with a large clientele of Broadway and Hollywood stars — Basil Rathbone and Pola Negri among them. Mrs. Major's daughter, Henry's step-daughter, was Leila Georgi, the original Charmaine in the Broadway production of "What Price Glory?"

I met Major in 1936. It was another National Convention year and he was again working on special assignment for King Features. When that stint was over he needed a job and wanted to do a comic strip, which I soon found out he considered to be something anyone could do. I remember him looking at a Blondie original and saying in his Hungarian accent, "Call me 'Chic' Major." He also struck an off-balance pose like Dagwood in that particular strip, as if to criticize a mistake in drawing.

While Major was thinking about doing a strip, Mark Hellinger tried to help him. Mark, who with Winchell were the big Broadway columnists of the day, arranged for Major to draw pictures from table to table in a small nightclub on 52nd Street, for tips. He would wear a smock and a beret. Henry was unhappy with it but tried it out. I guess he was desperate. Maybe he felt he had to go through with it after Hellinger had paved the way. He tried it for two or three nights. The tipping part made him feel belittled. So he quit and began looking for a gagman. I was ghosting "That's My Pop" for Milt Gross at the time and Henry got around to asking me to help him. I admired his work and figured he could do a good strip. I came up with a central character, a title and twelve gags as a starter — a little guy who could do everything, "The Genius". I remember one gag. The Genius is painting a self-portrait. There are other paintings he has done, framed and hanging and leaning on the wall. The next panel shows two masked robbers climbing in the window at night. Next they are cutting the pictures out of the frames. Last panel the Genius stands among scattered paintings on the floor while detectives are asking him, "They *only* took the *frames?*"

Major had a studio full of paintings. About every other one was a self-portrait. Maybe because that way he didn't need a model. When it came to drawing "The Genius", again he drew himself. That was okay with me, but I found he

FRED ASTAIRE
Taps like a refined milkman's hoss.

couldn't or didn't want to draw backgrounds or action. He just wanted to draw heads. He didn't want to letter, either. The only thing the Genius strip proved was that he should stick to drawing and painting heads only.

Clark Kinnaird a great editor at King Features took a leave of absence to launch a new magazine, "Ken". He had Milt Gross doing book reviews in cartoon form. Editorial cartoonist Bert Whitman of California worked for the magazine. Kinnaird had Major do a monthly feature on newsmakers — four caricatures and cryptic comment on celebrities of the moment. Major asked me to do the writing to get him started. He said he couldn't pay any real dough but as I was just married I could pick out any two of his paintings as a wedding present. I took him up on it and went to his digs to make my selection. His wife greated me in her heavily accented English and talked to Henry in their native Hungarian. I had seen his paintings before and went around the big studio which had at least forty of his oils framed, unframed, hanging, standing, propped, prone or whatever, all over the place. I picked out two — a California scene, — red tiled roof, palm trees, an empty house with a lawn uncut. I liked it. It told a story. The second one I settled on was a self-portrait of Major which looked classical. I didn't realize it right away, but I had picked two paintings already framed. When I indicated my choice to Henry saying, "These are the ones I'd like," his wife spoke to him in their mother tongue. Just from the way she said it I could guess what it was so I answered her: "Yes, the frames, too!" Her eyes widened as she looked at me quizzically, asking, "You speak Hungarian?" That became a special joke between us. I still have the paintings *and* frames.

Major continued to draw and paint. A book of Hollywood caricatures circa 1942 was beautifully produced and is a collector's item today. His painting followed the pattern of most masterpieces that are appreciated today. They were "discovered" by critics and the public after the artist's death. Two of "Hank's" last pics — "The Gay Philosopher", a smiling self-portrait in an old hat and a red coat, and "The Gay Philosopher's Wife", a juicy portrait of Mrs. Major — were sold to a print firm shortly after Hank's death by his widow. They became very popular and sold in the many, many thousands. Too bad he wasn't around to enjoy it.

Note to younger readers: The title, "Gay Philosopher", in those days meant "happy", not the homo meaning it has today.

I remember a story Henry told me on himself. He grew up in a poor section of Budapest near the Red Light District. As a little kid he only knew that the painted ladies were very nice to him. He got to know them, ran errands for them. They posed for him when he was going to art school. They took pride in his success as he won scholarships and awards. He also had a face nobody could forget. Henry moved away from the old neighborhood at age nineteen. He went to Paris. He started his professional career on the 'Paris Match', the top magazine of Gay Paree. (There goes that old-fashioned word "gay" again.) Major's caricatures soon became the rage of Europe. At age 25 he was being reprinted in all the world capitols and especially his work was proclaimed in his hometown of Budapest.

On a business trip to Budapest to sign newspaper and magazine contracts, he was put up at the city's newest and posh-est hotel. He was entertained by the cream of society.

One night after a dinner at an exclusive club his host, an advertising tycoon, announced a slumming party. The ten or so dress-suited and/or dinner-jacketed leading citizens were ushered into chauffeured limousines to tour the seamier sections of the Hungarian metropolis. Major didn't mention that he had been raised in one of the less attractive neighborhoods and they took it for granted that this successful, affluent artist, rage of the slick periodicals, was from their own station of life.

The group alighted from their cars at the corner of Budapest's most infamous sin street. One of them, a politician, had arranged for a city detective to accompany them so that nothing untoward would happen to embarrass anyone in their party. They were only slumming remember, seeing how the lower elements carried on. They would put up a great front of sad concern for the poor creatures who trafficked in the world's oldest profession.

Henry tried to shrink into his well-cut tuxedo as he and his fellow rubbernecks walked in a body down the garish thoroughfare where scantily clad girls displayed their charms and cooed their enticing sales pitch from every open window and doorway. They hadn't gone very far when one of the courtesans, leaning seductively in a soft lighted doorway, became animated by the shock of recognition.

"Eet is Henri!" she cried. "Little Henri! Michele! Yvonne!! Babette!!! Look who ees here! Henri Major! He are come back!"

Even the detective stood open-mouthed with the rest of the crowd as his old friend ran to Major to greet him with hugs and kisses. She was followed by the other old gals for whom he had run errands in their younger days. Soon occupants from the other houses were shouting his name as word passed that the old acquaintance who had made good was back for a visit.

I asked Hank if he explained it to his companions. He said he didn't. He let them figure out their own explanations. They did, however, unbend, and formed a triumphal parade up one side of the street and down the other with Henry leading them as they acknowledged the greetings and cheers for the conquering hero. So much did they get into the spirit of the thing that the most formal, imperious gentleman of the group, an important lawyer not wanting to be overshadowed by Major, took them all to the most luxurious joy palace in town where since he was footing the bill, could hold his own with Henry on that premises as cock of the walk.

Caricature is a very unique talent. The great ones that come to mind are Sam Berman, he worked with an airbrush; Ralph Barton, he could draw a subject from memory; Al Frueh, for New Yorker Magazine; Conrad Massageur, the Cuban aristocrat; and Irma Selz, the only lady practitioner of the art who comes to mind. Another great one is John Johns from Pittsburgh, the guy with the name you can read from any direction. And, of course, there is Al Hirschfeld, magnificent artist of the New York Times; and Jack Rosen, just about the fastest caricaturist alive. But of them all, in my book, the champ was the Genius, Henry Major.

Hollyhock's Handy Guide To The Metric System

Al Vermeer

With all the industrial nations on the metric system and the United States moving in that direction, Newspaper Enerprise Association is helping newspaper readers to get ready for the switch.

"Priscilla's Pop" by Al Vermeer "went metric" for a three-week period marking the first time a long-running comic strip has been adapted for educational purposes within the confines of a newspaper, according to Tom Peoples, vice president and director of comic art for NEA. Keyed to the opening of school in September, the series was presented in a "clip-and-save" format.

The strip explains the metric system without diluting its basic humor. " 'Priscilla's Pop' is, fortunately, drawn by a skilled artist, who knows how to put across some hard-to-understand concepts easily and clearly," Peoples said.

"The series was undertaken as a public service in response to newspaper editors' requests for a clear and concise explanation of the metric system. Our intent was to present the basics of the metric system in an entertaining and lighthearted way, which was why a comic strip was chosen.

"One of the real pros in the newspaper comic business, Al Vermeer did an outstanding job in this series," Peoples added, "never losing sight of his primary mission of delivering a daily dose of humor while injecting a good measure of educational matter each day."

Throughout the years Priscilla's friend Hollyhock, has been the intellectual of the strip. She loves the library and the feeling is mutual. Librarians have showered her with library cards from coast to coast. Most recently she received new cards from Jenkins, Ky.; Plattsburgh, N.Y.; Waynesburg, Pa. and Marion. Ind. This was announced in a later strip.

An added attraction to the introduction of the metric system in "Priscilla's Pop" was the offer to readers of a 48 page metric system booklet, "Hollyhock's Handy Guide to the Metric System." The booklet was available to readers through the strip at 75 cents a copy.

PRISCILLA'S POP **by Al Vermeer**

I JUST TOOK MY METRIC MEASUREMENTS.
9-17
I'M A PERFECT 76-75-76 IN CENTIMETERS.
CLIP AND SAVE
THEY CAN'T STAND IT THAT I'M BLOOMING EARLY.
WOMEN'S DRESSES
U.S. 10 12 14 16 18 20
Metric 38 40 42 44 46 48
WOMEN'S SHOES
U.S. 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Metric 34 35 36 38 38.5 40 41
9-17
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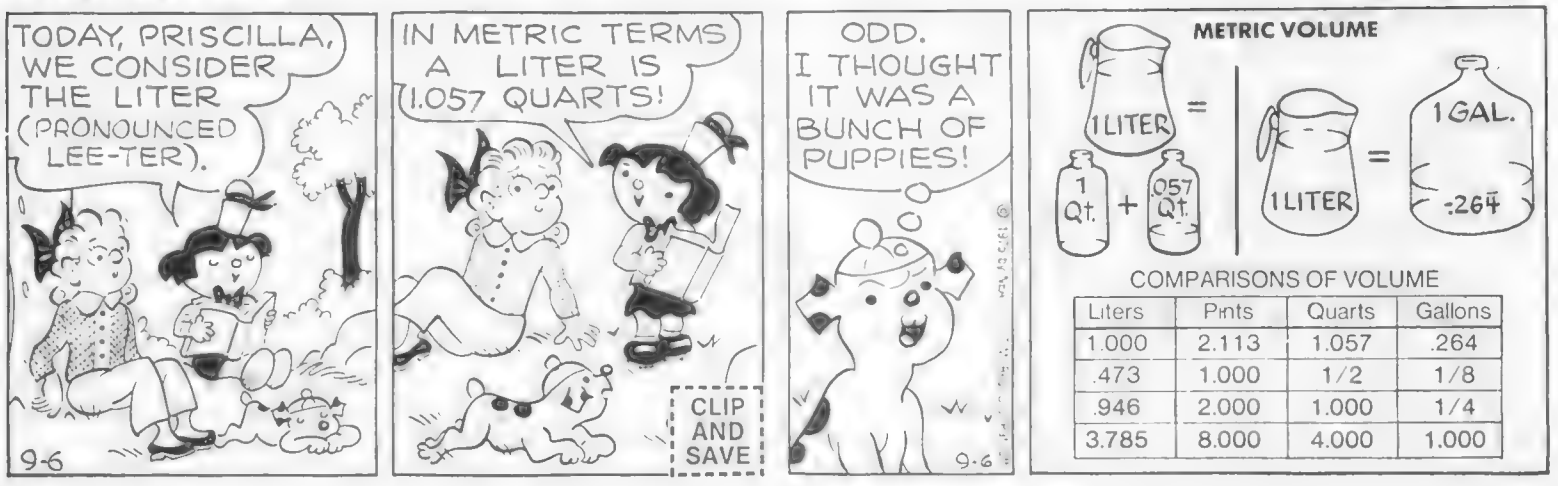
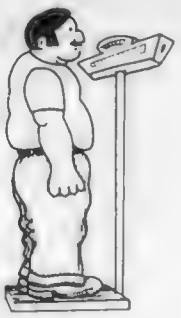
T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

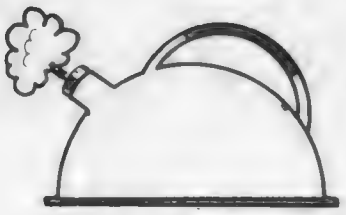
PRISCILLA'S POP **by Al Vermeer**


TODAY, PRISCILLA, WE CONSIDER THE LITER (PRONOUNCED LEE-TER).
9-6
IN METRIC TERMS A LITER IS 1.057 QUARTS!
CLIP AND SAVE
ODD. I THOUGHT IT WAS A BUNCH OF PUPPIES!
9-6
METRIC VOLUME
1 LITER = 1 Qt. + .057 Qt.
1 LITER = 1 GAL. .264
COMPARISONS OF VOLUME
Liters | Pints | Quarts | Gallons
1.000 | 2.113 | 1.057 | .264
.473 | 1.000 | 1/2 | 1/8
.946 | 2.000 | 1.000 | 1/4
3.785 | 8.000 | 4.000 | 1.000

A Kilogram (1000 grams) is about $2\frac{1}{5}$ pounds.



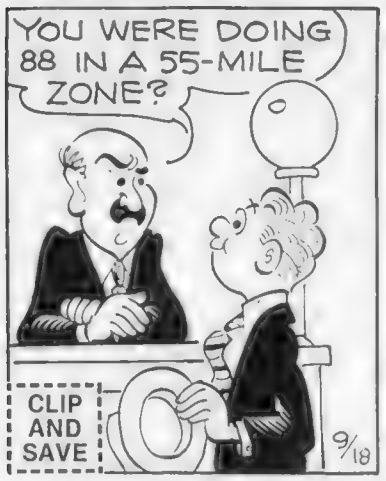
The Man's weight is:
180 pounds or 81.72 kg.

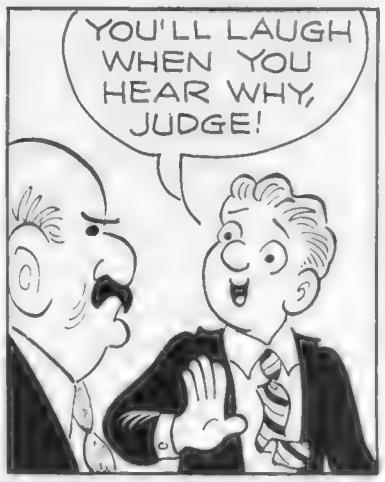


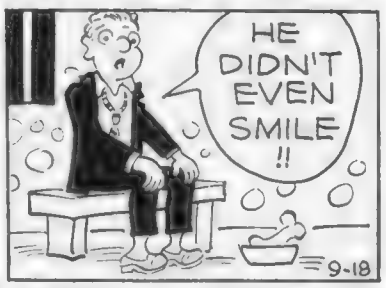
Water boils
at 100° C
or 212° F

Water freezes
at 0° C
or 32° F

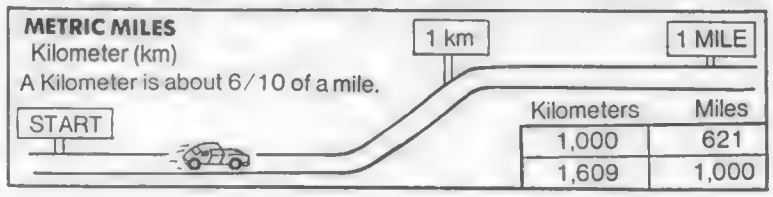
PRISCILLA'S POP **by Al Vermeer**





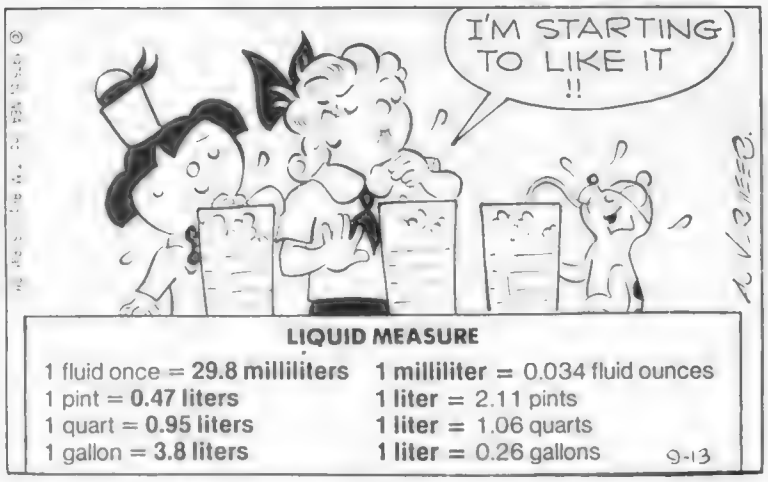


METRIC MILES
Kilometer (km)
A Kilometer is about 6/10 of a mile.



Kilometers	Miles
1,000	621
1,609	1,000

PRISCILLA'S POP **by Al Vermeer**

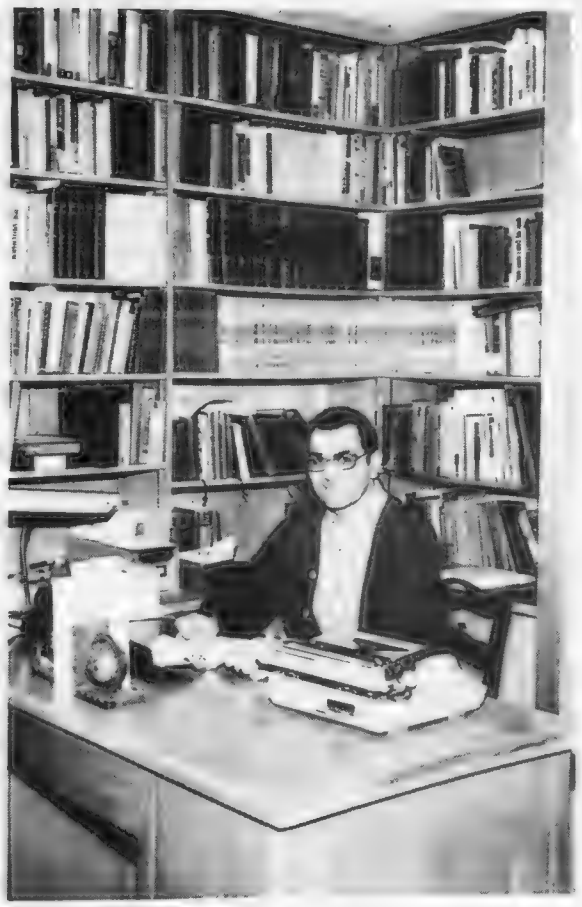


LIQUID MEASURE

1 fluid once = **29.8 milliliters**	**1 milliliter** = 0.034 fluid ounces
1 pint = **0.47 liters**	**1 liter** = 2.11 pints
1 quart = **0.95 liters**	**1 liter** = 1.06 quarts
1 gallon = **3.8 liters**	**1 liter** = 0.26 gallons

MEASUREMENTS:
94-63-94 (Centimeters)

A Newspaper Comics Course



Our longtime subscriber, Kenneth Barker, who lives in a suburb of Montreal, tells how he set up a course in Newspaper Comics for John Abbott College at St. Anne De Bellevue, Quebec. Here are a few biographical facts about this cartoon enthusiast which we're sure will interest our readers.

Ken Barker developed his interest in the newspaper comics as a boy in his native Regina, Saskatchewan. "I can remember the first coloured comic section I ever read. It was the Saturday, July 20, 1940 edition of the Toronto Star Weekly. At that time the Star was carrying Superman, Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, and several other popular comics, all in rich full colour."

His interest lagged as he went on to College, graduating in Arts from the University of British Columbia and in Theology from Knox College, Toronto. "I can recall browsing through the University of Toronto bookstore on the day I turned my Master's thesis in for binding. After the academic strain of the past several years I was looking around for a relaxing hobby. By chance I came upon Stephen Becker's Comic Art in America. *The old interest was rekindled."*

Over the next few years Ken built up a file card system on the newspaper comic using any material he could locate. "This included going through the periodical section of the Princeton University Library microfilming articles in many of the old magazines." By the time the Menomonee Falls Gazette offered a free subscription to anyone who would write a regular column, Ken was ready with his idea, "You Were Asking?", a column devoted to question and answer type enquiries about the newspaper comic.

Next he was invited to give a course on the newspaper comic for the English Department of John Abbott College.

Ken is Minister of Union Church which is on the edge of John Abbott College. It is a member congregation of Canada's largest Protestant denomination, The United Church of Canada. "Keeping up with my parish work, teaching a course at John Abbott, writing the column for the Gazette and attending to several other interests keeps me very busy. But I enjoy the great variety of life."

Ken's wife, Sandra operates a pre-school nursery. They have four daughters. The eldest, Colleen, now fifteen and a junior in the local High School, has a keen interest in art. "I've tried to encourage Colleen along these lines. Whether she ever becomes a professional artist remains to be seen. But she shares my interest in the comics."

BY
Kenneth Barker

Fourteen months ago the English Department of John Abbott College in Montreal's suburban Ste Anne de Bellevue was faced with a problem. Student enrollment was 500 higher than anticipated. A week before term began additional lecturers had to be found.

The English department had already offered courses in pop culture. These were given by Stan Asher whom I had met on several occasions and who was aware of my interest in the newspaper comic. I was asked to give a course on pop literature and it was agreed that I could concentrate on the newspaper comic.

With only a week's notice I had to scramble. Thirty lecture periods had to be filled. I decided to try an historical approach moving from the earliest use of pictorial drawings up through the development of the American comic with side glances at British, Canadian and European comics. A few sessions were devoted to the use of comic strip characters in the related fields of animated cartoons, feature films, Saturday serials, radio programs and reprint publishing.

One immediate problem was the use of class room illustrations. I had many sample pages in my own possession. These were mounted on Bristol board and circulated for the class to examine. But the procedure was cumbersome. The pictures could not be seen by all at the same moment.

I gradually supplemented the mounted comics with thermofax transparencies which could be shown to the whole class by means of an overhead projector. But this process also had limitations. It wouldn't reproduce colour and the thermofax machine wouldn't accept pages any larger than 8 x 11½ inches.

When I learned that John Abbott had decided to offer the course again this year I made two major decisions. First the Bristol board samples and the transparencies would be abandoned in favour of kodachrome slides. The graphics department were able to photograph over 300 pages, most of them in full colour.

In the second place a thematic approach would be used instead of the historical survey. The end result was about twenty lectures periods each devoted to a main theme, e.g. The Fall Guy, Fantasy, Satire, The Western, Science Fiction, the Super Hero, Ethnic Groups, etc., and each amply illustrated by slides.

In addition to the class room presentations, of course, there were the student assignments. My principal aim was to encourage the students to develop general skills of literary appreciation. Like every other form of literature — the epic, drama, the novel, the short story, etc. — the newspaper comic includes much trash and the occasional work of merit. By what process and on what basis does a person make such an evaluation for himself and ultimately for the total culture?

Each student was given selected reading assignments which explored the comic strip from a critical perspective. Students were also asked to make short class room reports on comics read over a period of two or three months. And a formal essay demonstrating first hand reading of newspaper comic material was required.

Again I encountered difficulties, this time finding source material which was readily available to the students. In the first term I used *Vintage Funnies* as a

"text" and several students sent away for a package. The College library obtained some of the hard cover reprint books: Dick Tracy, Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, etc., and ordered some of the microfilm produced by AMS Press. In time we should have a fair sampling but at the present moment many interesting areas of research cannot be pursued because the source material is not available.

In my opinion this lack of research material is the major deterrent to the serious study of comic art. Students can't study material they can't locate. And future scholars may never study material we fail to preserve.

It is surely time that some serious attempt is made to produce a series of carefully edited reprint volumes preserving the early work of Herriman, McManus, Outcault and McCay, to name only a few, before old newspapers are destroyed by age or transferred to poor calibre black and white microfilm.

Such a project would need careful scholarship and substantial financial backing. But it would be ironical if the United States which has done so much to preserve culture around the world could not find the resource to preserve one of its own most important contributions to the pop culture of the twentieth century. ●

ROBIN HOOD and Company
By TED McCALL
105
A CRUEL SMILE BREAKS on RED ROGER'S FACE AS HE DRAWS SWORD on ROBIN HOODS CHALLENGE-
DON'T DO THIS THING, SIRE— HIS FAME WITH THE SWORD HAS SPREAD FAR—
ASIDE, ERICA —AND STILL YOUR FEARS
THE JEWELS HIDE IN A CELL RIMMING THE MOAT, ROGER— IF I DIE, THEY'RE YOURS— IF YOU DIE —
Copyright, 1938, by E. R. McCall (All rights reserved)
WITH the BELLOW of a BEAST, RED ROGER RUSHES on HIS CHALLENGER — HIS SWORD WHINING as IT SWINGS

Home grown Canadian comic strips haven't been too numerous over the years. Here is a Canadian strip, launched in 1934, written by E.R. 'Ted' McCall, and drawn by Charles R. Snelgrove. It appeared in the old Toronto Telegram.

Many of our CARTOONIST PROfiles readers who have been following Jack Markow's cartooning column in 'Writer's Digest' magazine for years, have indicated their pleasure that he is now writing additional valuable material for us. In this column Jack gives particular emphasis to the procedures involved in doing work for advertising agencies.

Illustrations accompanying this article are by Jack Markow.

Jack Markow

The cartoonist, armed with sample book or portfolio, continues his search for assignment work. He now comes to a vast and lucrative field: the publicizing of products and services.

Advertising Agencies. These firms, large and small, use freelancers in every category of art. Clues on where to show are found in the ad company's "bible", The Standard Directory of Advertising Agencies (20 East 40th St., New York NY 10017) which lists all the U.S. firms, their accounts, and art directors. Published three times a year at a subscription cost of over $50 yearly, it's quite an expensive deal for most cartoonists. Fortunately, the book is available at most public libraries for the purpose of research. Using a list of names, addresses, and phone numbers culled from this source, the artist keeps his telephone hot calling Art Directors, Art Buyers, Visualizers, V.P.'s in charge of art, Executive Art Directors — or whatever their designation. Art Directors are very busy individuals wrapped up in their accounts and usually appointments are doled out far in advance. A solo A.D. of a small agency will see you personally at appointment time. In the case of giant firms which employ many A.D.'s, each with his own accounts, you may have to make contact with each of these individuals. Looking procedures vary. Some large agencies have a central "looker" who will steer the cartoonist to the art director he or she feels will most likely be interested in the sample display. Some companies have a set day for viewing; at others the portfolio must be left overnight or for a few days. Sometimes, if the artist's work is exceptional, his work is exhibited in an agency room for the benefit of all A.D.'s. When soliciting by mail, tear sheets of published work, sometimes originals or photostats, are sent to the designated A.D. with S.A.S.E. Ten to twenty examples of the cartoonist's very best work (clips from magazines and/or newspapers, repros of ads you may have done, plus some unpublished work) make a good display.

Some comments by advertising cartoonists on displays: "Agency people need to see something strongly identified with you. If you bring too many kinds of work, you risk losing your identity. After you're gone, they don't remember you."

"Your value to an agency and advertiser is that you have a certain style, an approach that they will or will not want to use. A cartoonist should not try to do what a general illustrator might do — bringing a wide variety of styles to snare almost any kind of job."

"My portfolio varies, since I try to find out what the art director is looking for. Therefore, sometimes my portfolio is very light, sometimes rather heavy."

"Agencies are mainly interested in looking at the ads you've done for other people. Art directors are encouraged to use your work because other ad agencies already have."

My own experience indicated that since most agencies are looking for specialists — and they are approached by the best — it is generally advisable for the cartoonist to show cartoons only. Later, as he gets "in" with agencies — and he possesses other talents, he may display his versatility and cadge other assignments besides those of humorous drawing. Hunting for ad jobs may seem like a lot of work but one must remember that agencies handle not only national advertising but are also involved with local newspaper, trade magazine, and house organ ads, with TV commercials, client movies, slide films, annual reports, posters, booklets, pamphlets and booklets for direct mail; also art for display, merchandising, and packaging. This is a massive field for the cartoonist, pulling about the highest rates paid for art work — and well worth the preliminary labor involved.

After the display of samples, the artist's card is left with the A.D. It need not be a fancy one — just a neat showing of where he can be reached. One ad artist I know shuns the designation of "cartoonist" on his card feeling there is prejudice against that term in some quarters, that some art directors think of cartoons as newspaper comics involving big feet and bulbous noses. Instead, he calls himself a "humorous illustrator". Indeed, A.D.'s I've met usually look for flair, style, and "smartness" in the funny drawings they buy and it's best to avoid getting off on the wrong big foot. In most cases, a job assigned to a cartoonist comes in the form of a comprehensive (comp) which includes heading and type indication neatly rendered with the cartoon drawing placed in its proper spot — all produced in practically finished form by an agency staff member. One often wonders "It's all here. Why do they need me?" But need you they do — your special style and clever technique which they're purchasing. Finishes must be made strictly in proportion and size — and in most ad work there are short deadlines. While the production of an ad is usually a team effort involving the visualizer or agency idea man, the copywriter, the layout and type specialist, and the cartoonist who just does the camera-ready drawing — sometimes, the latter is called upon to do roughs using his own ideas for certain types of ads, or to fill in fairly finished cartoons on comps that may be used to sell a campaign. In my experience, there is little or no speculation involved in this; the artist was always paid for his efforts, win or lose. When art work is assigned, the artist gets a purchase order from the art buyer showing what's to be done and its price. When a job is completed, the artist in turn bills the agency.

As for pricing of work, that is a dilemma that has plagued all agency freelancers, experienced ones as well as novices. Of course, the few big "names" who are hot at the moment and who have more work than they can handle, set their fees with a "take it or leave it" attitude — and their prices soar the busier they get. While many advertising drawings are not signed, clients covet the signature of well-

Comic strip ad which appeared 3 times a week on regular comic strip page.

REMBRANDT JONES CREATES A MASTERPIECE
IS THIS THE RIGHT POSE?
YES, AS FRESH AS A FIELD OF DAISIES
WILL IT BE A GOOD LIKENESS?
MILLIONS WILL TOAST IT!

known cartoonists on their ads. In fact, some campaigns are initiated and built around a star cartoonist's work. I recall an experience in an art director's office: He proudly pointed at a framed Peter Arno original (just a flat dark wash with the signature "Peter Arno" standing out in opaque white — an ad with an appropriate darkened-room caption) and with eyes popping with pride told me how many thousands he had paid for it.

Most of us are not in the Arno strata, or in Charles Saxon's (a current best seller) and we have to think carefully about what the traffic will bear. Art budgets vary greatly: national ads (higher); local newspaper and trade journal work (lower); full color (higher); smaller drawings (lower). It's all so mind-boggling that even our art societies have tried but have not been able to come up with price ranges to fit all occasions. A good ploy is to throw the price question back at the buyer and ask *him* how much his budget will stand. This sometimes works, but not always; when the cartoonist has the problem in his lap again he should consider where his ad is going to appear and how many and different ways it is going to be used — and quote a fee always bearing in mind that ad work pays much more than editorial drawings. The consensus is that cartoonists have a tendency to quote prices too low. On a national campaign, I mentioned a fee and it was immediately upped by the art director (I have since learned that other cartoonists have had similar experiences). Some cartoonists' comments on the price puzzle:

"Sometimes the agency tells me what the art budget is and other times they say I'm charging too little and that they can pay more. Sometimes they try to find out what I charge in hopes it will be below the art budget's figure they have in mind, but not often."

"Certainly if the thing is going to run on the back page of *Time,* I expect more than for a three-inch trade pub ad."

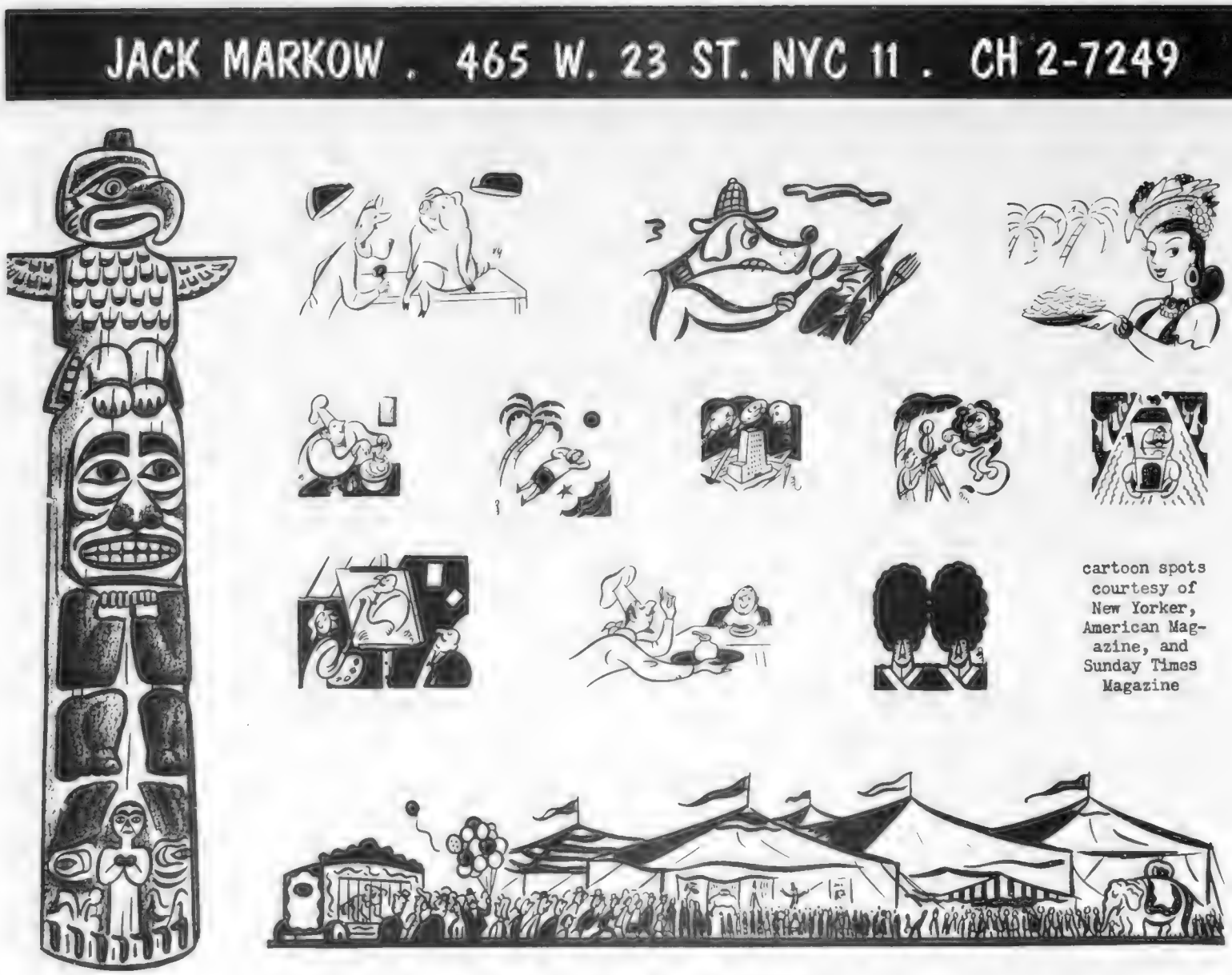
"At some agencies it's the art director who bargains on price, at others it's the art buyer. Again, the big outfits are the most reliable when it comes to straight talk about the art budget. I always get a purchase order spelling out the details about the use of my work."

"Almost always agencies have a budget worked out with art comprising a certain percentage of the total space purchase or time purchase or whatever, and almost without exception, the figure is an acceptable one for the artist."

Not so long ago, the Cartoonists Guild sponsored a panel discussion, "Cartoons in Advertising — the Art Director's View." There were five panelists, Executive Art Directors of large agencies and corporations (three of these, incidentally were former freelance cartoonists). The consensus was that cartoonists have not been as aggressive as photographers, illustrators and models in seeking work in advertising and also have not sufficiently educated themselves and art buyers about the special contribution the cartooning imagination can make to solving advertising problems. This has often led to cartoonists being underpaid for their work in advertising and/or the use of other forms of graphic art instead of cartoons. Other conclusions brought out at this seminar: Opportunities exist for cartoons to be used more heavily in advertising than they currently are. Some cartoonists who have actively pursued these possibilities have earned fine income in this area. Not enough cartoonists have systematically approached and followed up the buyers of advertising art in agencies and companies. Without such exposure there is no way that people in decision-making positions in advertising will learn of cartoonists' talents and their application to many facets of the business.

A sampling of advertising agencies:
American Advertising Service, 121 Chestnut St., Philadelphia PA 17106. Joseph Ball, Creative Director, buys advertising and billboard art, package design, graphic design, commercials, cover design, exhibits. Prefers to deal with artists in person but will consider layouts and photostats submitted by mail. Pros only. All jobs are by advance quotation and all rights are bought. *Ted Bates & Company Inc.* 1515 Broadway, New York NY 10036. Contact: Irving Sonn, Sr. V.P. Executive Creative Director. *Barickman Advertising Inc.* 427 West 12 St., Kansas City MO 64105. Jerry L. Wanninger, Art Director, uses freelancers who are experienced in advertising art, animated cartoons, billboard art, single and multi-panel cartoons, catalogs and displays, etc. Mr. Wanninger will consider original art as well as tearsheets or photostats of previously published work. Submissions may be made by mail. Clients here include many food manufacturers. *Januz Advertising,* 3553 W. Peterson Ave., Chicago IL 60659. L.R. Januz wants only local artists who can work with him on projects of various types, particularly direct mail. Artists should send in

Newspaper Ad



Inexpensive mailing piece Jack sent to prospective buyers. Incidentally, the address and phone number are not current ones.

a resume of their background along with a few printed samples of direct mail or sales promotional material they've done in the past. "Samples should be ones artists can spare, since we can't return them." Payment depends upon the job and is made within 30 days after acceptance, all rights. "Payment here is dependent upon the job — in the past year we've paid as little as $5 and as much as $5,000 for one job." *N.W. Ayer & Son, Inc.* 1345 Ave. of the Americas, New York NY 10019. Contact: Senior V.P. Creative Services.

Related Markets

Besides ad agencies, there are many other sources of assignment work in the promotional area. Many of these buyers do not pay fees as high as those dished out by advertising firms but the pay is by no means peanuts. Also, these categories provide a start for the talented newcomer and a means of acquiring printed samples which may later be shown to agencies. There is a large volume and variety of work purchased directly by big business for employee communications, slide films, sales promotion aids, etc. Many corporations have built-in sales promotion departments and art departments; freelancers often gain assignments by approaching an art director, public relations executive or a personnel director here. In this area and for the categories listed below, the Yellow Pages serve as leads not only to buyers in the larger cities but also to those that may be in your own locality.

Other Suggestions

Large Department Stores use many cartoon illustrations in their newspaper ads, at times. Possibilities here also are store posters, greeting cards, playing card designs, etc. *Banks* are a good target. They often employ light-touch drawing for leaflets (of the "Do you want a car loan?" kind), brochures and newspaper ads. *Public Relations Organizations* use cartoons for slide film presentations describing the policies of a company to customers, employees, and stockholders. *Newspapers* may need promotional material to sell the newspaper. *TV, Radio Networks and Local Stations* may want humorous illustrations for ads. A TV station may have work for the freelancer dealing with station commercials, station breaks, scenery, backdrops, etc. And don't forget the revived active field of courtroom sketching; assignments may be obtained directly from the station or network. Not to be neglected are *U.S. Government and State Agencies* which may provide poster work, illustrations for pamphlets, spots for booklets on tourism, etc., and *Audio-Visual* firms which use cartoons for slides, film strips, etc.

A mix of markets relating to the section above:

Communications Productions, 150 S. Forest Ave., Rockville Center, NY 11570. Marilyn Fisher is executive producer of this audio-visual firm producing filmstrips, slides, animation and multi-media kits, including display and printed materials. Their market is education — all ages plus business and industry. Ms. Fisher would like to hear from artists and photographers with samples of their work either by mail or by phone for an appointment. *American Optometric Association Public Information Division,* 7000 Chippewa St., St. Louis MO 63119. Mr. R.W. Malmer is Art Buyer for this Association which produces a large variety of public information materials on vision and vision care subjects. Uses freelance artists for direct mail promotion brochures, pamphlets, booklets and educational illustrations. Photostats will be considered as examples of the artist's style, but send an initial query letter first.

Federal National Mortgage Association, 1133-15th St., N.W. Washington DC 20005. Gordon E. Nelson, Vice President-Corporate Relations. Graphic artists interested in possible freelance assignments should contact Mr. Nelson, first with a letter of inquiry outlining the artist's professional credits. Assignments would include direct mail brochures, annual reports, and posters.

Newspapers, Inc., 333 W. State St., Milwaukee WI 53201. Publishers of the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Milwaukee Sentinel* Mel Kishner is the person to contact for possible assignments for editorial art and spot drawings. He prefers artists to send slides, tearsheets, or photographs of previously published work for review. Rates of payment are open.

South Dakota Division of Tourism, State Office Bldg. 2, Pierre SD 57501. Lowell Hanson, P.R. Director. Printed samples may be sent in by mail. Freelance service includes direct mail brochures, billboards, posters, and public service TV spots, to be used in promoting vacation travel. Rates would be based on fair and reasonable levels in the locale of the artist.

This completes our run-down of assignment possibilities. You will observe that you need not live in the New York or other large city areas to pick up work. Localities throughout the country abound in buyers of freelance offerings. The artist must be energetic enough to get out, to discover places that buy — thereby acquiring good "accounts" for himself. One contact, in many cases, leads to another and the humorous illustrator may find himself not only involved in all the areas we have mentioned but also in some which we never thought of. (Some of the cartoonists' quotes used in this column, courtesy of Cartoonist Guild symposiums. Markets, courtesy of *Artist's Market).*

"That finishes my trading-stamp book. Now let's see what I need."

Reprinted from Suburbia Today

Practical? Not in this case. But buying in bulk usually does save. For example, when you buy electricity, the more you use, the less it costs per kilowatt-hour.

Just compare your recent electric bills with those of 15 years ago. If you're like most families, you're now using twice as much electricity. But notice, too, that for twice the amount, today's bills are not twice as high. A pleasant surprise!

By using the most modern, most efficient methods, Con Edison continues to keep electricity one of the biggest bargains in your household budget.

Con Edison

POWER FOR PROGRESS

Ad using a magazine cartoon reprint

HERMAN

BY JIM UNGER

HERMAN

"Seeing you once a month is gonna make the next two years a lot easier."

Jim Unger, who creates the popular panel, 'Herman', which is distributed by the Universal Press Syndicate, got the information for this story to us in record time, in spite of the Canadian Postal strike. During a trip from his home in Ottawa to Toronto, he managed to get his copy into the U.S. mails, and it reached us just before we were ready to go to press.

Jim Unger says his sense of humour is a defense mechanism provided by Nature. The story goes that when he was born, the nurse told him that he was just in time for the Second World War and he burst out laughing.

Living in London, England, he spent his early childhood dodging bombs on the way to school and spending long damp nights in air-raid shelters with his mother and brother and sister.

"My Father managed to escape the onslaught by enlisting in the R.A.F. and secluded himself in the North African Desert until it was all over."

As soon as the bricks and rubble had been swept away, his Father returned and he settled down to be educated at a boy's grammar school in Wimbledon just a mile from the Centre Court. "I always seemed to be doing Latin homework when everyone else was playing tennis."

School was followed by a variety of jobs briefly interrupted by a two-year stint of compulsory service in the British Army just in time for the Suez Canal Crisis.

"I was trained as a Surveyor and given all the equipment I'd need to invade Egypt but the war was cancelled due to lack of public support. I'd spent thirty minutes painting my jeep 'sahara yellow' and spent the next three months trying to get the paint off. The Sergeant Major told me not to keep laughing."

He managed to keep a straight face long enough for an honourable discharge and decided he couldn't face the rigours of office life after the excitement of Saturday nights in a variety of Garrison Towns so set about improving his latent artistic abilities at evening art courses and night colleges. Having nothing to do during the daytime, he joined the Police Force.

"It was one of the best paying jobs for ex-jeep-painters at that time and anyway it helped me to buy cornflakes and art supplies. I spent nearly three years going without sleep, but being called to a traffic accident every morning just before breakfast finally got to me and I turned in my black boots just before they were due for the 40,000 mile check-up." The Police was followed by driving a cab for six months and a further six months at a driving school as an instructor.

"You really need a sense of humour as a driving instructor. The first pupil I took out was an old lady of 77 years and she'd had 187 hourly lessons before I got to her., I knew I had trouble when I asked her to back into a driveway and discovered that she'd never had a vehicle in reverse before."

Unger had long ago enjoyed combining his sense of fun and his drawing in creating cartoons; mostly for his own amusement.

"The turning point in my life came when I sold one. My Aunt bought it and a few days later when I visited her home, you can't imagine the sense of pride and fulfillment I felt when I saw it scotch-taped to the door of her fridge."

Although at this time, Unger was designing newspaper ads professionally, he continued with his cartooning and met with such success that his Aunt had to buy a bigger fridge.

In the early Spring of '68 he suddenly realized he couldn't take the nine-to-five existence any more and after loading up his broken-down car with a few cans of food, a box of paints and a map of Portugal, he drove to Greece.

"That was one of the best times of my life. I had three breakdowns before I got to the cross channel ferry."

After several weeks of bumping and jolting around Europe he finally found himself in a run-down Athens hotel with the equivalent of 87 cents in his pocket. "I never even opened the paint box. I was too busy trying to find something to eat and somewhere to sleep. The whole Unger family, including Aunts and Uncles had about twenty dollars between them with one distant exception: my sister in Ottawa, Canada..

She bailed me out. She sent me some spending money with which to limp back to England and followed it up with a ticket to Canada. So I emigrated."

Unger worked in Ottawa for two years designing newspaper ads for a development Company and then moved to Toronto to become a graphics designer for a weekly newspaper.

"About the second or third week I joined the newspaper, I asked if they'd like me to do the editorial cartoon. That was it. At last I received some encouragement and recognition."

In the three years at the newspaper, Unger was named 'Cartoonist of the Year' three times consecutively by the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association. "This gave me the confidence I had needed and it wasn't long before I was writing to Universal Press Syndicate with some of my editorial work. It culminated in a ten-year contract and meant adapting to a two-column format with a humour which would hopefully appeal to a much wider readership." The syndicate came

"Tell me if he stops smiling."

up with the name 'Herman' after seeing the original thirty samples and in the summer of '74, Unger began drawing in earnest. The panel first appeared in November '74.

Unger lives alone in an apartment overlooking the beautiful Ottawa River in the west end of Canada's Capital City. He works at home and says he derives his humour from the day-to-day life that surrounds him. "People are always asking me how I think up the ideas and it's difficult to explain. I think the most improtant asset one can have is to be good natured and feel a genuine affection for other people.

"Sure, I can get mad at times. I make a real effort *not* to read the hard news and avoid the TV news as much as possible because in this day and age it's so easy to become despondent and cynical at the world. As I recently wrote to an aspiring cartoonist in California, I try to deal with the people around me as if they are relatives or close friends. If the lady driving the car ahead of me makes a left turn after signalling a 'right' I try to react in the same way I would if it had been my Mother. One is forever accommodating the failings of one's nearest and dearest and it takes just a little effort to expand this to people we don't know.

"I don't have banks of ideas stored away in filing cabinets. Often I just sit down maybe in front of the television and just doodle. I usually imagine a situation first. I imagine going to the dentist or shopping for groceries and then I conjure something humourous in the situation already established. To some extent it's inspirational or at least it is dependent on my mood. Sometimes I'll think up perhaps ten or fifteen cartoon ideas in an hour or two and yet another day I may sit there for hours completely stymied.

"I rarely take a notebook with me when I go out. I tend to rely mainly on overall observation. Which I suppose is the nub of the whole matter. I'd have to say that 'observation' is the most important tool for a humourist especially when one considers that one is attempting to make people laugh at themselves.

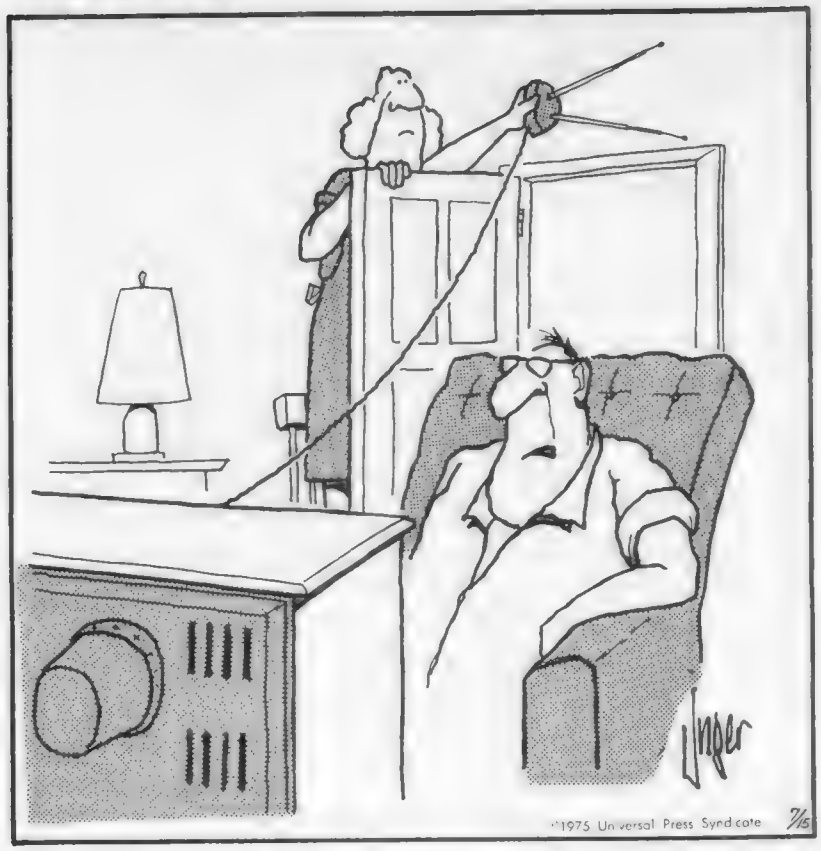
"Observation of others becomes a way of life. It becomes so ingrained that I've often been met with unfriendly stares in return in, say a restaurant, when one's close attention to others becomes an invasion of their privacy.

"The most fascinating fact which emerges from this is that you can take any Mom, Dad and kids; any aunt, uncle and grandmother of any race, creed or colour in any geographical location in the world and *they're all the same!* so I get the ideas. The next step is the drawing.

"I always work in pencil and concentrate on facial expressions and the attitude of the bodies involved. I draw a face and erase it many times until it has the desired look. To me it's supremely important that the faces fit the situation exactly, It's just not enough to have everyone smiling. The caption is not the joke. The situation is the joke and the drawing should be set up like a movie director sets up a scene. I have drawn, and have seen and studied many large intricate cartoons where the scene itself is very much an integral part of the humour but this is rarely the case in two-column comics.

"The pencilling is brought to such a high state of finish that the inking is pretty straightforward. I used to pencil on one sheet of paper and ink onto another semi-transparent sheet but found this to be unsatisfactory when the drawings started to appear too wooden. It's not easy to draw

HERMAN

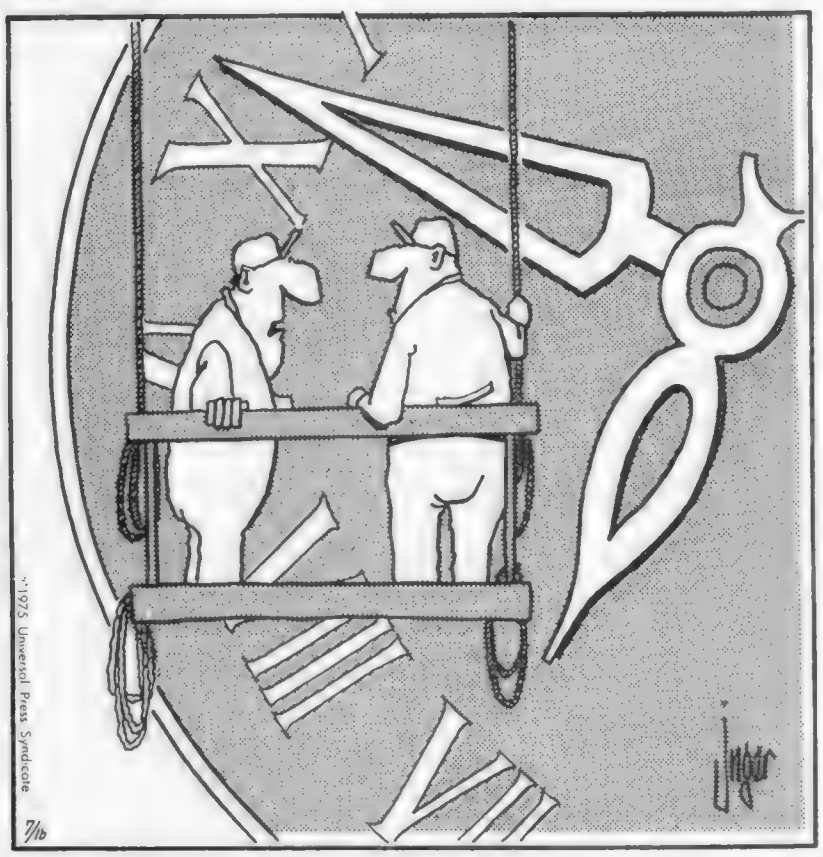


"That's it, perfect . . . keep it there."

HERMAN

"Whadyer mean you wanna marry my daughter . . . I thought you were my daughter!"

HERMAN

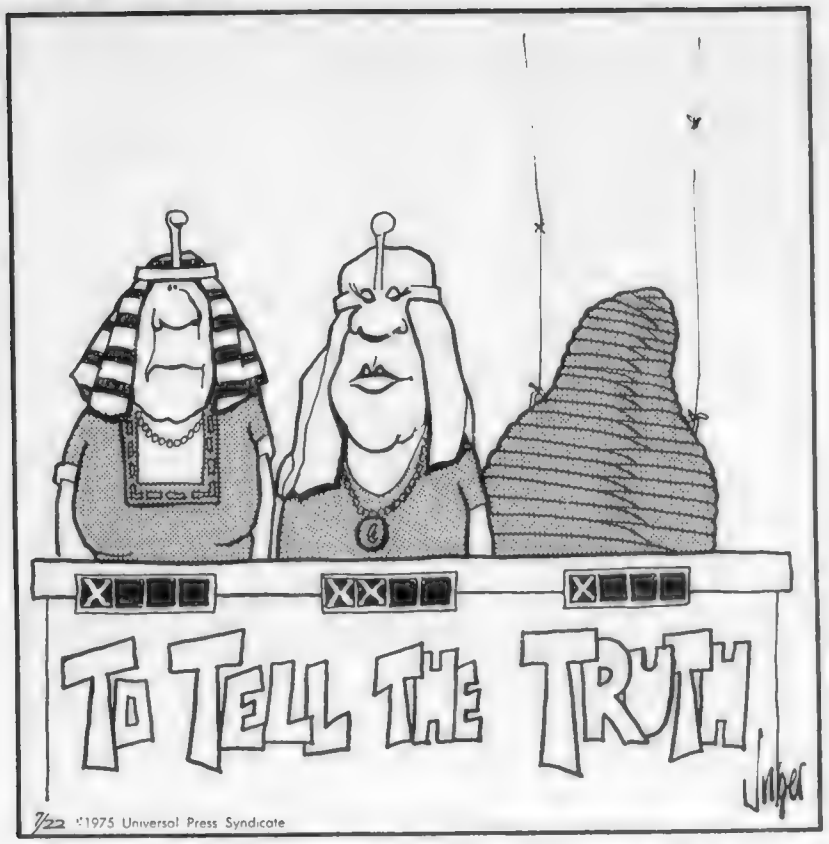


"You ever known a day to drag like this?"

HERMAN

"Cold lunch today . . . I'm going out."

HERMAN



"Will the real Cleopatra please stand up?"

HERMAN

"Sorry!"

freely and personally I find quite marked differences in my work from one day to the next. I also cringe at some of the drawings I did, say some six months ago, but can only feel that this must be a healthy sign and that one is improving all the time.

"I think if one truly admires one's work from six months ago then one has either become a genius or a failure.

"I rarely completely re-draw a cartoon but on the few occasions when I have; I am astounded at the improvement. If I wasn't so lazy, I would completely re-draw every cartoon three times over.

The only thing I can say about the inking is that I never met a pen I liked. I am the eternal experimenter. I spend all sorts of money on every pen ever invented and I've never found one I really like. Some pens draw well but have to be dipped every four seconds. Others which are filled with ink always work beautifully on scrap paper but as soon as they are applied to the work, they clog. Back on the scrap paper they draw a line a mile long then back on the paper they scratch a hole in it. I work with felt-tips sometimes but they are very unstable and it's necessary to choose one's paper very carefully. I lay in bed dreaming about pens.

"I'm often asked, which is the most important the drawing or the joke. I can only say that it depends on the reaction one is seeking. I have seen cartoons where the drawing has been so exquisite that I have sat and looked at it for literally hours. I was in awe but I didn't laugh. I have seen cartoons that appear to have been drawn by a child and I have laughed loudly.

"I think if one intends to make people laugh, the humour of the situation is enough in itself. The drawing, obviously, should be good enough to convey the situation but artistic ability will rarely cover a weak humour. The sad fact is that it's easier to learn to draw than it is to learn to be funny on paper.

"It's necessary to say ,too, that sometimes a 'comic' can be overdrawn and so carefully and intricately done that it actually destroys the impact. It's like a two-hundred piece orchestra playing 'Happy Birthday To You.'

"To summarize, I don't think you can learn to become a cartoonist. I think the attributes of a good cartoonist are the ones that he or she was born with. Drawing ability can be steadily improved by simply drawing. Techniques can be learned from the work of others and with some basic instruction.Humour is the most intangible. It can be exercised to some extent by studying what it is that makes 'you' laugh and analyzing that. But mostly one must, above all, retain an empathy with others.

"Finally, I'm always asked what is the hardest part of cartooning. Is it the drawing? Thinking up the ideas or perhaps the penwork? The hardest part of cartooning is forcing yourself over to the drawing board and sitting down to do it when you could be laying in the bath reading a magazine."

"P.S. My mother had two more children after the war — so I have *two* brothers and *two* sisters."

"My hobbies include painting in oils, travelling anywhere, playing chess, photography, reading magazines in the bath!!"

"I'm a health-food/keep-fit nut but only because it helps get girls — otherwise I wouldn't bother!!"

Photo—Markow-Phoenix

THE FAMILY CIRCUS springs jubilantly from Bil Keane's ink bottle into 500 newspapers daily and Sunday.

BIL KEANE is one of those fairly rare cartoonists who is just as funny on the speaking platform as he is on paper in the two panels, THE FAMILY CIRCUS and CHANNEL CHUCKLES, he creates for THE REGISTER & TRIBUNE SYNDICATE. We heard another of Bil's great talks again recently, which prompted us to ask him some questions about cartooning for our magazine. Bil and his family live in Paradise Valley, near Phoenix, Arizona.

Q: Some time ago we did an interview with you that has caused a lot of comment. Your answers were hilariously funny, but not too informative. I'd like this to be a serious interview that imparts to our readers the inner workings of Bil Keane.

KEANE: Fine. Which way to the X-ray machine?

Q: Seriously, could you give us a brief resume of your art background?

KEANE: It'll be quite brief because I never studied art. I taught myself to draw while I was in high school by imitating the cartoonists whose work I admired.

Q: Who were they?

KEANE: Each month I would have a different New Yorker magazine idol... George Price, Richard Decker, Peter Arno, Robert Day, Whitney Darrow, Barlow, Wortman... This was in the late thirties. I'd practice each style and technique until, in my mind, my drawings looked "similar" to the master. I still think this is an excellent way to develop a style. Eventually your own "thing" will emerge. I enjoyed studying cartoonists' styles and learned to recognize them like handwriting. I used to play a game when Collier's, The Saturday Evening Post, or American Magazine would arrive in the mail. As I'd turn a page on which there was a cartoon, I'd quickly cover the part of the cartoon bearing the signature and name the cartoonist who had made the drawing. Then, I'd lift my hand to see if I was right. I had a very high rate of accuracy. I'd be fooled only by a newcomer. I also became a fanatic cartoon clipper. I cut out every magazine cartoon I could find and pasted them in huge scrapbooks. I remember one time I was thrown out of a public library for slicing cartoons out of the current magazines with a razor blade. In fact, it was last week!

Q: Were magazine cartoons the only ones that interested you, or did you follow the newspaper cartoonists too?

KEANE: I never was an avid fan of the comic strip guys although I certainly admired most of the big ones. However, I had a real penchant for the newspaper panel cartoonists. George Lichty was my all-time favorite. I also liked H. T. Webster, Fontaine Fox, J. R. Williams, Gene Ahern and particularly Clare Briggs. Another genius to me was J. Norman Lynd who drew "Vignettes of Life."

Q: Do you feel that most magazine gag cartoonists can develop a successful syndicated feature?

KEANE: Not necessarily. Some cartoonists are prolific and can turn out volumes of material from which a magazine editor may select the best. A syndicated cartoonist, for the most part, is his own editor. Unless he has the ability to discern which of his creations are good and which are poor, his feature will not have the batting average required to maintain success. I have seen highly successful magazine men fall flat on their faces when attempting a 6 day a week feature done entirely by themselves.

CHANNEL CHUCKLES
By Bil Keane

"The economy is worse than I thought — today's Big Deal was worth $31.60."

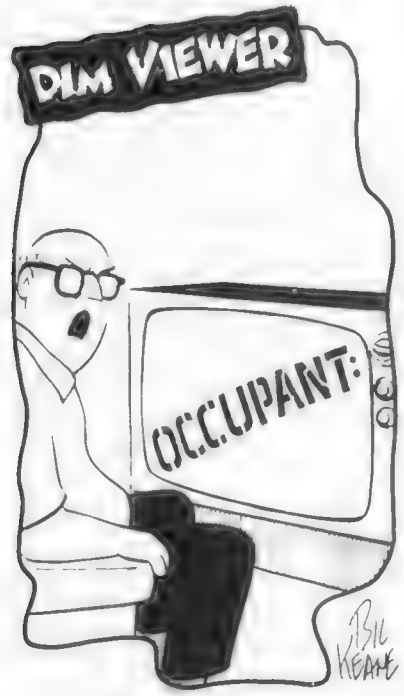
Q: Some people write inspirations for cartoon ideas on the backs of old envelopes. Russell Myers carries a tape recorder and talks into it when he thinks of a "Broom Hilda" idea.

THE FAMILY CIRCUS **By Bil Keane**

"THEY'RE HERE!"

Thel, who Bil calls "the most kissable editor I ever met" checks over all the cartoons before they are mailed to the syndicate.

CHANNEL CHUCKLES
By Bil Keane



"Good lord! It's another junk commercial!"

What system do you use for this?
KEANE: I don't think of many "Broom Hilda" ideas, but when I do, I talk into the back of an old envelope.

Q: You promised this would be a serious interview.
KEANE: Frankly, for "Family Circus", the only gimmick I use to think of ideas is thumbbing through family type magazines where articles, pictures, ads, columns, etc., will suggest a setting or bring to mind one of the incidents that has happened in our home in the past. Given a specific setting or situation I can readily create a child's reaction to it. I have a childish mind.

Q: Do you then write the caption or do the drawing first?
KEANE: It works both ways. Frequently the idea comes from a quote or phrase that is typical, or a youngster's mispronounced word, or a childish musing such as: "Mommy, I need a hug." Then all I do is create a cartoon that best fits with the line. At other times the picture depicts the identifiable scene such as a little girl dressed in her mother's clothes, or a little boy running into the house with a bug in a jar, etc. Then I need to create a line to go with the illustration. In most cases the caption is not really finalized till I am through with the drawing. As I am penciling the cartoon I keep saying the line over and over again to myself, changing it slightly to see how it sounds in various versions. I think it is terribly important in the kind of thing I do to have what a child says, or Mommy says, or whoever, sound natural, unmanufactured and clear.

Q: In "Channel Chuckles" you use a different type of humor than you do in "Family Circus." Would you comment on this?
KEANE: "Channel Chuckles" humor is more satirical, zany and topical than "Family Circus." The latter utilizes the identifiable, typical, "our kids have done the same thing" type of humor. Another entirely different field of humor that I like is the pun. I developed a solid background in this type of humor as a young boy when I was an avid collector of the old College Humor magazines that had been published in the 20's and 30's where puns ran rampant. When I worked for the Philadelphia Bulletin in the late 40's and during the 50's I developed a Sunday color feature called "Mirth-quakers" which featured illustrated puns and the old "he-she" jokes (Sample: "Many big men born in this town?" "Nope, only little babies!"). For a few years I drew a feature for the Saturday Evening Post called "Pun-Abridged Dictionary. When my Sunday "Family Circus" page started in 1960, I appended it with a weekly panel called "Sideshow", consisting of reader-contributed puns. The 25,000 letters a year that this feature drew, as well as the enthusiastic response to my other pun features convinced me that there are many pun-lovers in the country. (And quite a few in the city, too, but they won't admit it.)

Q: You mentioned having worked for the Philadelphia Bulletin. Is this where you started and would you fill us in on your career to date?
KEANE: My first job was on the Philadelphia Bulletin as a messenger in 1940, the year I graduated from high school. After 3 years in the Army where I drew for Yank, Pacific Star s & Stripes, etc., I came back to the Bulletin with a fist full of my published service cartoons. This landed me a job in the news art department drawing spot cartoons and caricatures for the entertainment section which eventually led into my syndicated TV feature "Channel Chuckles" in 1954. I also drew magazine cartoons for most of the major markets, did a weekly Sunday comic for the Bulletin called "Silly Philly" (a little Quaker character based on William Penn), and edited a 16 page weekly supplement in the Sunday paper called "Fun Book". When the income from "Channel Chuckles" and my free lance stuff enabled me to leave the 9 to 5 job at the Bulletin, my wife Thel (who I had met in Australia during the war and returned down under to marry in 1948) and I, along with our five small children moved to Paradise Valley, Arizona (near Phoenix) in 1959. Working at home for the first time with our little people underfoot, I discovered that most of the magazine cartoons I was selling had to do with

The Keane family as they looked when FAMILY CIRCUS was created in 1960. Gayle (the model for Dolly when she was smaller), their only daughter, is now 25 and was recently married. The youngest is Jeffy shown here on Thel's lap.

Bil and his pretty Australian wife Thel enjoy Arizona living. They are shown here at their home in Paradise Valley which, Bil says, is just about 20 minutes away from Phoenix (by telephone).

family life and small children. I then decided to produce a second feature for the Register and Tribune Syndicate and introduced "Family Circus" in 1960.

Q: Wasn't it originally called "Family CIRCLE"?

KEANE: Yes. I felt the name and circle format were a perfect combination. However, Family Circle Magazine (the one you read while waiting at the checkout counter in the supermarket) objected to the use of what they claimed to be their title and forced us to change the name of the feature. Frankly, I think if my syndicate had fought a small legal battle, we could have retained the CIRCLE title. The conversion was simple: I changed the last two letters from L-E to U-S. And, many feel that the CIRCUS title is more indicative of what goes on in the cartoon.

Q: Would you give us a rundown on your average working day?

KEANE: On most mornings I get up about 7:30, hit the studio (which overlooks the tennis court in case somebody wants to play) about 9, and work through most of the day with a break for lunch. It seems that the creative juices flow best late in the afternoon and will continue into

THE FAMILY CIRCUS

"Mommy, God's here!"

"Close your eyes, Jeffy — I'm comin' in."

the evening. I occasionally work after dinner till about 10 P.M. A comfortable couch in my studio is put to good use for 20 minute naps when I grow weary. Some mornings, especially in the summertime, I awaken about 4:30 A.M. and work till the morning Arizona sun is drenching Camelback Mountain with yellow. I then go back to bed (about 8 A.M.) for another hour of sleep. After breakfast I return to the studio to answer mail and to the more mechanical chores of drawing. It seems that the very early morning and early evening are the best times for uninhibited creative work. Of course, this work schedule varies around our social engagements and fairly frequent tennis matches. Totally, I average about 45 hours of real work each week and love every minute of it.

Q: An interviewer once asked you if "Family Circus" was based on your real life, and you replied that, on the contrary, your real life is based on the cartoon. If a particular situation gets a laugh in the feature, you try to work it into your home the following week. Bil, is that true?

Photo—Courtesy The Arizona Republic

Ready to go to court at the drop of a racket, Bil has just produced a very funny book about tennis.

THE FAMILY CIRCUS

"Must be half time."

"You need a good spanking."

"You need a good kiss."

Drawing in a bunker during a 24 day tour of Vietnam entertaining the troops in 1967. Bil says he was decorated for extreme precaution under cover. Photo taken by fellow-cartoonist Jack Tippit.

KEANE: No, but it's a bit more amusing than the truth. My ideas are really based on our own family experiences and so are the characters. Our children aren't as young as they once were, but, then who is? I have an excellent memory for detail and can recall vividly incidents from years ago. In fact, I even base a lot of the moods and childish attitudes in my cartoon on my own experiences as a small boy.

Q: What are the ages of your five children now?

KEANE: The oldest is 25 and the youngest is 17. Glen, our 21 year old, is presently working in the animation department at Disney Productions in California.

Q: Do you get many cartoon ideas from reader mail?

KEANE: Well, not cartoon ideas per se. A young mother will occasionally write and say "Here's something that happened in our house — maybe you can use it." The incident she relates will form the nucleus of a situation to which I then apply my own family experience and whatever expertise I have as a gag creator. The result is usually a scene that took place in thousands of homes that very week. Basically, children never change and family life is universal and timeless.

Q: What advice would you give a young cartoonist aspiring to do a feature?

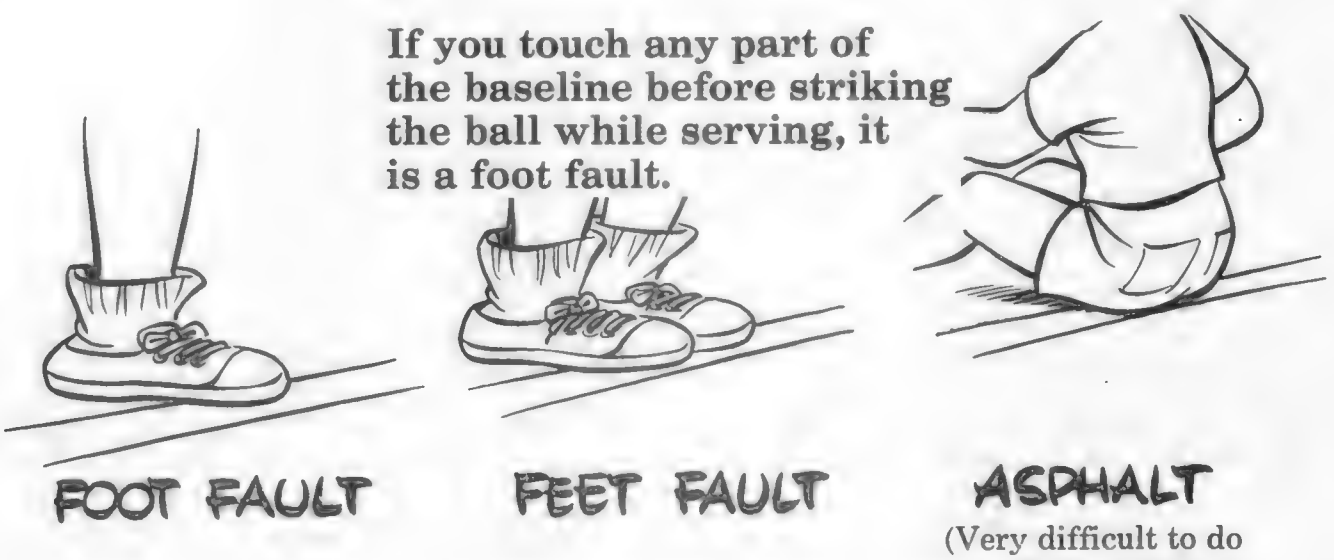
KEANE: I would highly recommend an art background. It is quicker in the long run than learning by your own mistakes. Also, stick to a subject with which you are familiar. This is the only way you will maintain high quality material. Don't be a phony. Do what comes naturally.

Q: Obviously, since you live in Arizona, it has not been necessary for you to be close to the New York market to achieve success. Would you comment on this?

KEANE: Even when I lived in Philadelphia I sold my cartoons to the Saturday Evening Post entirely through the mail and their offices were very close to the Bulletin Building where I worked. One of the beautiful things about this cartoon business is that it allows you to live anywhere there is a mailbox.

Q: How is your new cartoon book on tennis doing?

KEANE: It has only been out for a few months now, and already it's selling into the


If you touch any part of the baseline before striking the ball while serving, it is a foot fault.
FOOT FAULT
FEET FAULT
ASPHALT
(Very difficult to do while serving.)

From Keane's new book: "Deuce and Don'ts of Tennis".

dozens. Truthfully, the book (DEUCE AND DON'TS OF TENNIS) is doing phenomenally well. Tennis is a popular subject and the $2.95 price is low enough to make it a hot item.

Q: What other books have you had published?
KEANE: Fawcett Gold Medal has published 12 paperback collections of my "Family Circus" cartoons. The newest, being released in October, is titled: "I CAN'T UNTIE MY SHOES!" The cover depicts Jeffy standing in a bathtub full of water. Several different publishing houses have put out books of my other cartoons. I collaborated with columnist Erma Bombeck on a book for Doubleday: "JUST WAIT TILL YOU HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN." Erma is a neighbor and a genuinely funny lady.

Q: Not many cartoonists are funny on their feet as well as on paper. You have quite a reputation as a stand-up comedian delivering side-splitting talks at a microphone. Is this a natural talent or something you learned?
KEANE: It's another thing I've taught myself through the years. I love to make people laugh and just eat up the immediate crowd reaction and applause, which is a pleasant change from drawing a cartoon and waiting weeks or months till after it is published for any reaction. When I give a talk, I write every word in advance. I plan the comments and one-liners carefully, making the material as topical and intimate as possible for that audience. In addition to concise, fresh material, the two important things for a stand-up comedian are delivery and timing. While giving speeches can be profitable, it is terribly time-consuming. I limit my personal appearances to only the ones I really want to do.

Q: Thanks, Bil. Do you have a final word?
KEANE: Yes — ZYZZOGETON. It's on the last page of my dictionary. Before I close, Jud, I would like to say something nice about CARTOONIST PROfiles. I'd like to, but I can't think of anything. Seriously, folks — your publication is an excellent chronicle of every phase of cartooning. We have all learned a lot about each other through your meticulous efforts. You deserve a big round of applause. (Jud gets a sitting ovation.) A hundred years from now people will be talking about Jud Hurd — which will give you an idea of how dull things are going to be in a hundred years... ●

Photo by Roy Cosway

For recreation, when Bil is not playing tennis he is a linesman and USLTA Umpire for the pros. Here he is calling lines at a Jimmy Connors match.

"YOURS!"

From Keane's new book: "Deuce and Don'ts of Tennis".

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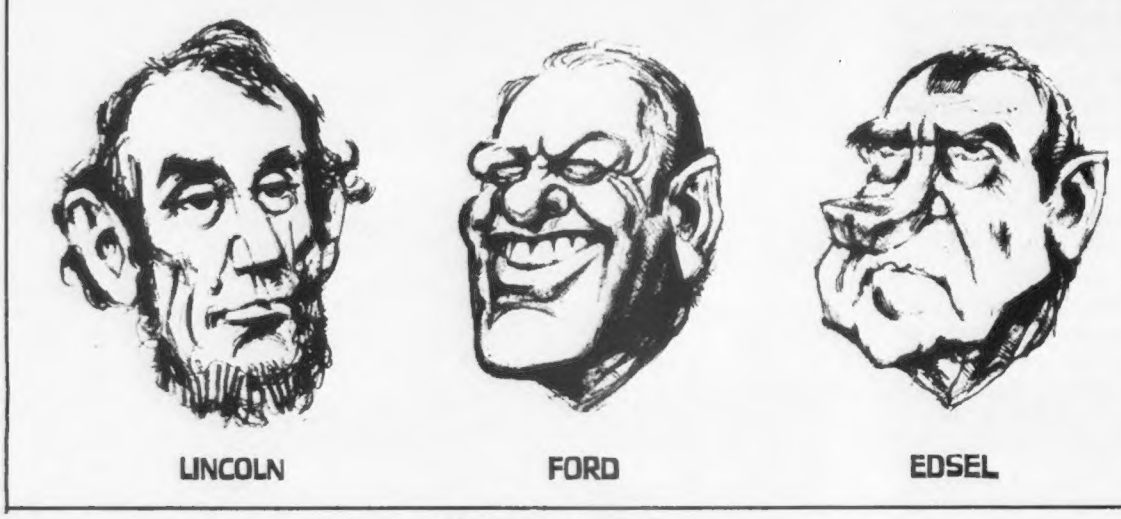

Edited by
CHARLES BROOKS

Forewords by
BARRY GOLDWATER and HUBERT HUMPHREY

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